

James I. Shepherd

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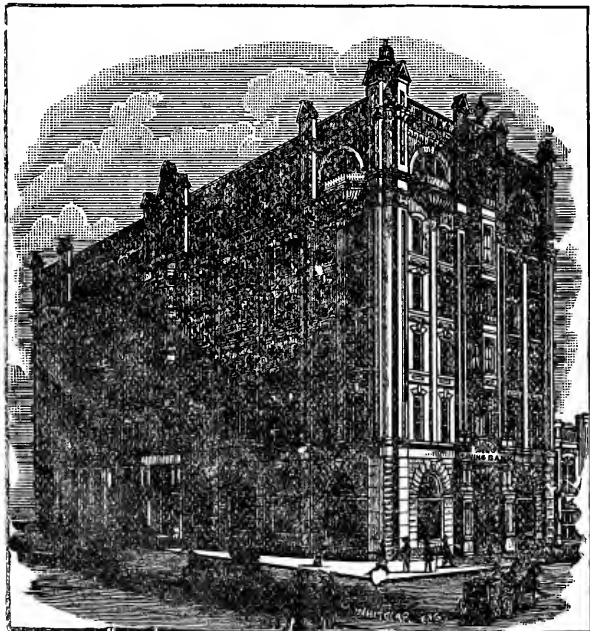
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(When writing to Advertisers, please mention the Era.)

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. IX.

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No. 9

THE PROPHETIC VALUE OF SECTION TWO.

MALACHI 4: 5, 6—SECTION TWO, DOCTRINE
AND COVENANTS.

BY JOHN A. WIDTSOE, A. M., PH. D., DIRECTOR DEPARTMENT OF
AGRICULTURE, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

Every thoughtful reader of Church history must have pondered upon the full meaning of section two of the book of Doctrine and Covenants. It contains a part of the first divine message to the Prophet Joseph, after he had been told, definitely, that he was to be God's agent in accomplishing a great work. To entitle it to the place it holds in the book of latter-day revelations, the section must contain profound truths; and as it was given to the prophet as almost his first lesson, it must have been to him a message of wide import, in the work that he was called to perform. Every later revelation was prophetic of work to follow; therefore, it seems probable that in the first revelation may lie the germs of important doctrines later to be revealed.

In the spring of 1820, Joseph had his vision of the Father and the Son, and was warned not to join any of the existing sects. Three and a half years later, on the 21st of September, 1823, when Joseph was nearly eighteen years old, he had his next divine manifestation, and received the revelation now known as Section Two.* On this latter occasion, the angel Moroni clearly explained that Joseph Smith was to be God's agent in accomplishing a great work on earth. The angel also quoted a number of passages of scripture, as follows: Malachi, 3rd and 4th chapters; Isaiah, 11th chapter; Acts, 3rd chapter, 23rd and 24th verses; and Joel, 2nd chapter, 28th verse to the end. All these passages were quoted as they stand in the Bible, with the exception of certain verses in Malachi, 4th chapter. All but one of the variations from the text of Malachi are now included in Section Two.

The first quotation made by the angel—Malachi 3rd chapter—teaches that a messenger shall be sent to prepare the way before the second coming of Jesus. This is evidently in continuation of the declaration of the angel that Joseph Smith was to be such a messenger. The chapter also contains some reference to the last days, and the necessity of preparing for them. The 11th chapter of Isaiah, likewise, is prophetic of the restoration of God's kingdom in the latter-days, and the gathering of Israel. This also appears to be in direct continuation of Moroni's message to Joseph. The reference to Acts, also, deals directly with the second coming of Jesus. The reference to Joel deals especially with the miracles that God will perform in the last days. In all the preceding quotations, the meaning is fairly evident, and does not deal with doctrinal details. However, the final quotation, Malachi, 4th chapter, especially the 5th and 6th verses, is far from being clear, and the angel emphasized it by changing the phraseology very materially. Repeated and careful reading of the quotations made by the angel, makes it more and more evident that the essence of the message to the boy Joseph, is contained in the words of Section Two. In the succeeding paragraphs the attempt will be made to show that

* *History of the Church*, vol. I, pp. 5, 11-13.

this section is of high prophetic value, and foreshadows some essential doctrines of the Church, as later taught by the prophet.

THE AGE OF SECTION TWO.

It is notable that at the time this revelation was given the prophet was only between seventeen and eighteen years old, and that the event occurred four years before the plates, from which the Book of Mormon was translated, were secured. Joseph learned much from the repeated visits of the Angel Moroni, but the real work was to begin, and the fulness of knowledge to be received, only after the acquisition of the plates. From all extant evidence, the prophet had no definite knowledge of the details of the doctrine and the organization of the Church, until after the work was fully under way. Little by little, as the time was ripe, apparently new ideas were put into execution. So evident is this, that all students of the history of the Church, whether friend or foe, admit that the events of the history of the Church succeeded each other in natural order. No historical evidence permits the assumption that Joseph Smith, on the 21st of September, 1823, had so full a knowledge of the construction of the Church that he could have concocted a revelation, like Section Two, which should foreshadow many of the fundamental doctrines of the Church to be established seven years later.

Moreover, it is almost impossible to conceive that a boy between seventeen and eighteen years old, could plan the essential features of a Church, such as that of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or if he had so done, could keep it secret in part upwards of two decades, letting it become public, fragment by fragment, excepting the extremely brief revelation contained in Section Two. A person who could believe such a thing probable, would certainly be possessed of a dangerously elastic imagination.

An unbeliever might probably ask if Section Two was really given in 1823. If Joseph Smith were an impostor, he might have written the revelation in 1838, when it was first published, and sent it out under a false date. The first objection to such a belief is that the veracity of the dates preserved by the Church has never been questioned, even by the bitterest enemies of "Mormonism." Aside from such clerical errors as unavoidably appear in the

work of humanity, the dates have been found to be absolutely perfect. The second objection is that he conversed freely with his family—mother, father and brothers—about the things revealed to him by the angel Moroni.* Even if he had been an impostor, he would hardly have rendered himself subject to the probable suspicion among his own family that would be aroused, fifteen years after the angel's visit, should he insert into the story something which he had never before related. A third objection, and perhaps a final one, if the prophet had dated the revelation back, in order to establish for himself prophetic evidence, he would have made the principles foreshadowed by the revelation so clear that all would have noted them. Instead, the prophetic lessons to be drawn from Section Two are merely incidents in the great message that the revelation bears, and are seldom mentioned by the public workers of the Church.

All historical and logical evidence tends to establish September 21st, 1823, as the date of the giving of the revelation known as Section Two.

THE RECOGNITION OF PRIESTHOOD.

Section Two is a variation of Malachi 4: 4 and 5. In Malachi the passage begins as follows: "Behold, I will send you Elijah." In the words of the angel to Joseph, it reads, "Behold, I will reveal unto you the *Priesthood*, by the hand of Elijah."

Certainly so distinct a change must possess a very definite meaning. God does not speak idly.

Transcending all other differences between the "Mormon" and other Christian churches, is the claim, made by Joseph Smith and his followers, that "Mormonism" possesses divine authority, which is not held and cannot be beld, by any other church. Only when the church is divinely commissioned are its acts valid. Similarly, every officer must make sure that his commission is without flaw, if he desires to have his official works recognized by the Church. The matter of divine authority is of first importance to the person who understands the order of God's Church.

The authority to act for God, and the consequent powers

* *History of the Prophet Joseph*, Lucy Smith, pp. 83 and 84.

conferred on man, are commonly denominated priesthood. A man's calling in the priesthood, therefore, determines what he may or may not do in the labors of the Church. The authority and powers of divinity are infinite; therefore, priesthood is of an infinite nature, and cannot be held in its absolute fulness by any mortal man. To the Church has been granted a part of the priesthood, which is more than sufficient for the needs of those who are directing God's earthly work. In the history of the "Mormon" prophet, it is remarkable how carefully the various degrees of authority were conferred. First, the Aaronic Priesthood was given, then the Melchizedek Priesthood, and later, in the Kirtland Temple, various commissions which were necessary to make this the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

The Prophet Elijah had had assigned to him a certain portion of the work of the salvation of souls. He was to visit the latter-day Church, to commission its officers to undertake the labor that was especially in his charge; that is, to confer upon them the priesthood or authority necessary for making the work legal. For that reason, the Lord said that he would "reveal the *priesthood* by the hand of Elijah." A visit of the ancient prophet Elijah would of itself have had no directive effect unless he left definite and sufficient authority with the earthly agents of God.

Viewed in this light, therefore, the opening words of Section Two are seen to be richer and more exact in meaning than the quotation from Malachi. The variation noted indicates that the angel spoke from a full knowledge of the order of the Church. To us of this later age, it is evident, also, that Section Two, given in 1823, seven years before the organization of the Church, when the prophet was a mere boy, foreshadows distinctly the cornerstone of "Mormonism;" namely, that divine authority, as represented by the priesthood, is essential in the establishment and growth of the true Church.

Is it a mere coincidence that in the first preserved revelation to Joseph Smith, the fundamental principle of priesthood is first considered?

THE MANNER OF TRANSMITTING THE PRIESTHOOD.

"Behold, I will reveal unto you the priesthood, *by the hand of*

Elijah." Why did not the Lord say, Behold, I will reveal unto you the priesthood, by Elijah? It is not easily believed that the phrase "by the hand of," found in Section Two, is accidental, and has no connection with the order of the Priesthood that Elijah was to reveal.

Among many religious sects, a certain desire or feeling, or "inward call," is sufficient to permit a person to officiate in the name of the Lord. In fact, all the sects of the day, except "Mormonism," have been originated by men whose authority to found a religion and to appoint workers in it, has come from a conviction that their views were right, and from an "inward call," that they were to undertake the work. All Protestant churches make no other claim, and the Catholic church, which claims a direct descent of authority, cannot complete the links of the chain.

Nevertheless, it is a general custom in most churches to ordain ministers by the laying on of hands. This is a virtual acknowledgment that this is the proper method of the transmission of authority. Yet, those who so ordain ministers today apparently cannot sense the inconsistency of the founder of the church receiving the original authority by an "inward call." Why should not men of today announce themselves at any time as ministers of any gospel, to perform its ordinances, from an inward call?

The Church re-established by Joseph Smith recognizes the necessity of order in all things. The proper method of transmitting the priesthood is by the laying on of hands of one who himself holds the authority. Priesthood cannot be actually conferred by a letter; it must always be conferred by imposition of hands.

The history of the Church verifies this doctrine. Joseph Smith spoke with God himself; and later with angels. At first sight, it would seem that words from God's mouth would be sufficient to confer upon the Prophet all the authority necessary in building the Church. However, God is a Being of order, and he did not by word of mouth delegate authority to his servant. On May 15th, 1829, nearly a year before the organization of the Church, Joseph Smith was visited by the angel, John the Baptist, who laid his hands upon the head of the young man and ordained him to the Aaronic Priesthood. John the Baptist had, himself, received the priesthood in that manner. Only after that had been done

could Joseph Smith baptize believers and proceed to the organization of the Church. For the organization and development of the work, the "Lesser Priesthood" was insufficient. Some time after the visit of the Baptist, therefore, Joseph was visited by Peter, James and John, the ancient apostles, who laid their hands on his head and conferred upon him the Melchizedek priesthood. Thus the necessity of transmitting priesthood by the laying on of hands was again shown.

In recent days similar instances are on record. At the October conference, 1897, President Joseph W. McMurrin, who at the time was on a mission in England, was sustained as one of the first council of seventies. The president of the Church did not confer this calling in the priesthood upon him by a letter; but President Anthon H. Lund, who soon after the conference left for a mission to the Holy Land, visited England, and while there laid his hands upon Brother McMurrin's head, and set him apart for the work for which he had been sustained.

In view of what has been said, it is evident that the statement in Section Two, "by the hand of" refers to this invariable order which governs the Church of Christ. Did Joseph Smith clearly understand this seven years before the Church was organized; four years before he had secured the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated, and when he was only eighteen years old? It seems improbable. The section reads rather as if it were spoken carefully by some one possessed of a fulness of knowledge of the order of the Church. In any case, this statement in Section Two is prophetic of doctrine later established and emphasized in the Church.

THE APPEARANCE OF ELIJAH.

Both Malachi and Section Two declare that Elijah should appear at some distant period. The angel Moroni, speaking to Joseph Smith, said: "Behold, I will reveal *unto you* the priesthood, by the hand of *Elijah*." That is, Joseph was to expect a personal visit from Elijah. If the Prophet had been an impostor, he could have made this prophecy come true by declaring at any time that Elijah had appeared. An impostor, however, is very careful about making prophecies; they may be forgotten by him, or they

may not be fulfilled, even with the best endeavors of the false prophet. One of the strong evidences of the divine inspiration of Joseph's mission is that none of his prophecies has failed.

On Sunday, April 3rd, 1836, nearly thirteen years after Section Two had been received, the prophecy with regard to the personal appearance was fulfilled. It was just after the dedication of the Kirtland Temple. Joseph and Oliver Cowdery, alone in the pulpit of the temple, bowed themselves in "solemn and silent prayer." After rising, they received various heavenly visions. At last "another great and glorious vision burst upon us, for Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before us, and said—Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he (Elijah) should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. Therefore the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands, and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the doors."*

Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Section Two. Of especial importance is the fact that while the angel Moroni made the prediction to Joseph only, two persons saw Elijah when he came, and witnessed the fulfilment of the prediction. Oliver Cowdery, though he was later cut off from the Church, testified, to the day of his death, that he had actually seen Elijah and other heavenly beings. If Section Two had been written by an impostor, the false prophet would in all probability have managed it so that the appearance of Elijah would have been to him alone. Certainly the prophecy of the coming of Elijah has been fulfilled.

THE

THE GREAT AND DREADFUL DAY.

In Malachi and in Section Two the coming of Elijah is to occur "before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." This is supposed to refer to the time of the second coming of Christ and the day of judgment. Elijah, who did appear

* *History of the Church*, vol. II, pp. 435 and 436.

with his commission in 1836, certainly appeared before the coming of Christ; and thus this prophecy was fulfilled.

The spirit of this statement foreshadows also a doctrine of the Church; namely, that the Church is to prepare for the second appearance of the Messiah, and that we live in very deed in the last days. It is not likely that the eighteen-year-old Joseph understood fully the latter-day, preparatory nature of the work that he was to inaugurate seven years later.

Again Section Two is shown to be prophetic of the time to come.

Provo, Utah.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

I CARE NOT.

(For the Improvement Era.)

I care not for friendship which endures not the test;
I care not for slander, with my conscience at rest;
I gauge not my life by what others may do,
But I love, O I love, the words that ring true.

I care not for smiles, be they ever so bright,
Which pass into shadow at the coming of night;
I care not for tones, be they gentle as dew,
Come they not from the heart—the heart that is true.

Opinions may differ, mistakes may be made,
Dismal failure on ashes of failure be laid;
Keen judgment may err, and miss the right clue,
I care not a whit, if the motive be true.

But I do love the clasp of a good, honest hand,
Be it hardened by toil, or born to command;
And those who love me, be they many or few—
God bless them, I love them, because they are true.

RUTH MAY FOX.

Salt Lake City.

LIFE OF ST. PAUL FOR THE YOUNG.

BY GEORGE LUDINGTON WEED.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS IN EPHEBUS.

Synagogue and Schoolhouse—Handkerchiefs and Aprons—Seven Deceiving Brothers—A Bonfire of Books—The Month of Diana—Presidents of Games—Entertainments—Views of the City—Mementos—Effect of Paul's Preaching—Demetrius—Effect of his Speech—The Mob—Paul's Farewell to Ephesus—The Capitals of Christianity—Summary of Paul's Trials.

When Paul began to preach in the synagogue, which he was allowed to do three times a week if he wished, he was kindly received, and his words made a good impression. But after three months the Jews changed their manner toward him—opposed, rejected, and reviled him. He hired a schoolhouse and commenced daily worship for Christians and all who would attend.

We are told that "God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul." There was a "special" kind. Articles of his dress—handkerchiefs which he had used, and aprons he had worn when working at his trade—were carried to the sick. We do not know whether or not this was done with Paul's permission; but we do know that the same power that healed the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garment, healed these sick also. God, through his apostle, showed a real power which the pretended miracle workers could not have. Paul made the people understand that what he did was in the name of Jesus.

There were seven brothers that went from place to place saying that they could cast out evil spirits. Attempting to appear equal to Paul, they commanded an evil spirit to come out of a raving maniac, "by Jesus whom Paul preached." The evil spirit in a

loud voice called out, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are you?" The man, in the strength of his madness, leapt upon them, tore off their clothes, and drove them from the house wounded and terrified.

Many other deceivers were alarmed. Among these were some who professed to be Christians, yet had been selling curious things, such as the books that pretended to explain the hidden meaning of the "Ephesian Letters." They came to Paul confessing their wrong. They showed their true repentance and purpose not to do so any more, by bringing their books together and burning them. This was hard for them to do because they thus lost their trade. These books or scrolls were perhaps the most valuable things the men owned. Over \$10,000 worth was destroyed in that bonfire in the presence of Paul.

About this time Paul formed the purpose of making another visit to Jerusalem and then going to Rome. He was to carry out that plan, but in circumstances very different from what he then imagined, as we shall see.

The month of May was called "the Month of Diana," because during the whole of it there were held every year a great festival in her honor. As the temple of Diana was called the "temple of Asia," this festival was called "the common meeting of Asia." From regions near and far came multitudes of men with their wives and children to this festival gathering for idolatrous worship and amusement.

Every year there were chosen ten men as presidents of the games. They were from the wealthiest and most noted men of the chief cities of Asia. They watched the games to see that everything was done fairly and justly, and to keep order in the theatre. They wore robes of purple or pure white, or of silk with golden threads, and were crowned with garlands or crowns set with carbuncles and pearls. Their names were placed on coins. They paid vast sums of money for the entertainment of the people. This they were willing to do in turn for being honored as "the chief men of Asia." The entertainments were in different places and of different kinds. In the theatre were concerts and shows; in the hippodrome, horse-racing; in the stadium, gymnastic games of running, leaping and wrestling. There were noisy scenes through

the day and night. In every hour of the day there were gay processions to the temple, following the bleating animals crowned with garlands, being led to sacrifice. Idlers and drunkards could be seen almost everywhere at any time. The harbor was crowded with hundreds of vessels that had themselves been crowded with pilgrims and seekers after pleasure. The waters were alive with gaily painted small boats. From the heights of the neighboring Mount Prion sight-seekers looked down on the plains covered with goats' hair tents of the strangers, and on the shifting panorama of sea and land. The shops and bazaars were filled with all the attractive things of those days which parents and friends would buy for themselves and those left in the distant homes. The special mementos would be little models of Diana and her shrine. The poorest of the purchasers would buy those made of wood, others those of silver; and the wealthy those of gold.

In contrast with all this was one place in Ephesus of different scenes, and one man of different purpose. That place was the schoolhouse near the synagogue, and that man was Paul. For two years he had preached in it to the little company who had followed him from the synagogue when he could preach there no longer. Large numbers had heard him and the church had increased in numbers. Many saw the folly and wickedness of idolatry. They believed what Paul had said to the Athenians that God is not "like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." They lost their interest in Diana, her temple and her idols, and would waste no more money in serving her. Among them were some of the wealthiest people from whom the makers and sellers of idols had made great gain, especially in the "month of Diana." So these Gentile dealers became what the Jews already were, enemies of Paul.

Then "there arose no small stir" about Paul and his Christian work. A master-manufacturer and seller of idols named Demetrius, determined to do what he could to stop it. He called together others of the same business and made them a speech. He told them first of the danger to their trade; then, as we may suppose, pointing his finger to the temple in sight, he tried to excite them by saying that the great goddess was in danger; and that she would be despised and her magnificence destroyed because Paul had

“persuaded and turned away much people saying that there be no gods which are made with hands.” This speech had the effect intended. The meeting became greatly excited. “When they heard these things they were filled with wrath, and cried out saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” Their numbers were increased from the theatre, the hippodrome, the stadium, the street, the bazaars and the homes. “The whole city was filled with confusion.”

Not finding Paul, who was probably concealed by Aquila and other Christians, they caught two of his companions, Gaius and Aristarchus, and dragged them to the theatre. Paul would have gone himself, ready to testify for Christ, but his friends wisely kept him from the maddened mob who were ready to murder him with their own hands, or to thrust him among the wild beasts to certain destruction.

The Jews wanted to show that they hated Paul as much as did the Gentiles. So they put forward “Alexander the Copper-smith”—a Jew—to speak against the Apostles. But his voice was drowned in the repeated cry, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” This was continued for two hours until the town clerk, an important officer, appeared and quieted the throng by saying that the goddess Diana was so great that these Jewish strangers could not harm her. He reminded them that trouble might come upon the city from the Roman government for such a tumult. “And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly.”

Though Paul escaped death, he was still in danger. The man who could excite more interest than even that in the great festival, and could diminish a trade in the city, was to be feared and persecuted. He says he was delivered from “so great a death,” but we do not know of what kind, or how he escaped. It was impossible for him to continue in Ephesus. He called the disciples together, spoke to them words of comfort in their trials, and bade them farewell. It is not certain that he ever visited the city again.

We have called Jerusalem the first capital of Christianity, and Antioch was the second—cities from which the gospel news was carried to other places. Ephesus was the third capital, made so especially from Paul’s short journeys from there during the three

years he made it his home. That was an eventful period in his life. His ministry in Ephesus was constant and full of labors; first in the synagogue, then in the schoolhouse, then from house to house visiting individual members of the Church, checking them in wrongdoing, and encouraging them in right. He was the earnest preacher and faithful pastor. The result was the large church at Ephesus.

That was also the most trying and sorrowful period of Paul's life. It is hard to follow him through his days of toil. We can only imagine what he endured. He labored at his trade for his own support that he should not be a burden to his fellow-Christians while working for his Lord. But his two kinds of work were a heavy burden on him, even when not increased by illness, to which he was subject. But worse than all were the persecutions. We know some of them and have hints in his letters of many others. He had trouble from Jews and Pagans and even some who called themselves Christians. Soon after leaving Corinth, in his first letter to the Corinthian Church, he wrote a long list of trials, many of which it is supposed he had during the years he made Ephesus the centre of his mission work. Here it is: "in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft; of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been on the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHURCH AND CITY OF EPHESUS IN GLORY AND FALL.

St. John and the Mother of Jesus—Graves on Mount Prion—Christianity and Mohammedanism—The Ruins of Ephesus—The Architect's Inscription—Alexander and Paul.

Paul is not the only Apostle of whom we think when we read the story of Ephesus.

“Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother. When Jesus therefore saw his mother and that disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.” If that disciple-son and that mother continued together during her life, that home was at last, according to tradition, in Ephesus; and here to the last he was faithful to the sacred trust committed to him on far-distant Calvary. Their graves, with that of Paul’s beloved Timothy, make sacred some spot now hidden in the tangled thickets of Mount Prion as it looks down on the most hallowed home spot that Ephesus ever contained. In it John probably wrote his Gospel, which alone records the tender words of the cross concerning the mother and son.

In Ephesus Paul planted, Apolos watered, and God gave the increase, which John gathered into a large and flourishing church. Christian temples were built almost rivaling in splendor those of Paganism. Centuries passed, and Mohammedan mosques took the place of Christian churches. The name of Jesus was despised as in the days when Paul first proclaimed it. John, when an exile in Patmos, was told by the Spirit of God to write unto the bishop of the church of Ephesus, reproving them for having left their first love of the Savior, and warning them of trouble and sorrow if they did not repent. The sad prophecy was fulfilled. The day came when no Aquila or Priscilla, no Gaius or Aristarchus, no Paul or John, no one bearing the name of Christ was found to tell of him. The splendid Christian temple built in the days of John crumbled, and nothing today tells even where it stood.

Such is the sad tale of proud Ephesus itself. Reversed is the proverb, “The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose,” for the rose—the beautiful flower of Asia—has faded and died where all is desert now. Diana, the patron goddess, proved herself a poor parent, unable to protect her children from harm and destruction. Two hundred years after Paul’s visit, the Goths—an ancient destructive race—conquered them, and seized the riches that had been entrusted to her keeping. Could Paul visit the

place today, he would gaze in astonishment at the ruins of what he beheld in glory. Columns have fallen on the vaulted chambers over which they were built. There the gleaming torch of the traveler startles the bat in its darkened home. He can hardly find the streets of Ephesus in the tangled bushes that have overgrown them. Goats find shelter where men thronged beneath the open sky. The noisy flight of raven flocks breaks the stillness above, while below the partridge broods in silence in the theatre and stadium where multitudes raised the shout of pleasure and triumph. The quarries are deserted: the marks of the tools alone tell of the toil of workmen long ago. Even the sea has shrunk from the scene of desolation. Where the waves once rolled, tossing the ships full of life, the flat morass is covered with rushes. In the mosque of St Sophia in Constantinople, are eight of the jasper columns that once stood in the now ruined temple, still beautiful in themselves, yet as if telling the story of Diana's fall and mocking Ephesian glory.

The architect of the theatre in Ephesus planned an arch which so pleased himself that on a stone he placed an inscription, asking the beholder to notice his device even though he did not see the sports of the theatre. That inscription has been found among the ruins where there is no arch to admire. Alexander offered a great reward if his name might be inscribed on the temple. Paul sought no such glory, but that which cometh from God only. To him it happened as God promised, "Him that honoreth me I will honor." In him, as also in John who recorded it, is fulfilled the promise, "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

CHAPTER XXIX.

PHILIPPI AND CORINTH REVISITED.

Troas—Church in Philippi—Paul's Memories of Philippi—Corinth—Contrast to Former Visit—Sad News from Galatia—Epistle to Galatians—Christians in Rome—Epistle to the Romans—Paul's Great Subject—Phœbe.

From Ephesus Paul went to Troas where on his former visit he had the vision of a man calling him to Macedonia, to which he now returned. For a time there is some uncertainty about the

order of his journey and just where he went, but we know some of the places he visited. One of these was Philippi. The Church there had shown him more kindness and given him less trouble than any other. While he had to reprove other churches for some wrong things, he never did this one. Its members were poor; yet at three different times they urged him to take money they had collected for his support while preaching in other places. It has been called his most loved church.

While in Philippi, he could not forget the things of six years before—the lictors' rods, the stocks, the dungeon, the midnight songs, the earthquake, the jailer's cry, his conversion and cruelty and kindness, and the release from prison.

We do not know how far Paul went on this journey: perhaps it was to the Gulf of Adria. We find him again in Corinth. As he looked on its towering citadel, and entered its harbor and well known gates, he must have remembered with deep feeling his arrival there on his first visit. He had then just come from Athens with a sad spirit because he had been able to do so little in the "city given to idolatry." In Corinth there had not been a single Christian to greet him: he was alone and friendless; but now he had a welcome from Gaius whom he had baptized, and hundreds of others professing the name of Jesus. It is true that some of them had found it hard to change their heathen habits and be faithful followers of Christ, but of many it was true that "old things had passed away and all things had become new." Here Luke and Timothy gladdened his spirit; so did others whose names were becoming familiar to the churches as workers together with Paul. Yet in Corinth he was saddened by news from Galatia that some were speaking against him, saying that he was not an apostle because not one of the twelve appointed by the Lord Jesus; and were turned away from the simple truth of Christ which Paul had taught. It was then that he wrote his Epistle to the Galatians. In it he claimed that he was "an Apostle by Jesus Christ" himself. He was more saddened by their forsaking Christ than their forsaking him, their once loved and trusted teacher. He told them not to believe him "or an angel from heaven" if he preached anything different from what Christ had taught.

The Epistle to the Galatians was not the only one Paul sent

from Corinth. He had never been in Rome, but a Christian Church had been founded there, by whom we do not know. There is no history or tradition concerning the Church which was to become one of the most important in the history of Christianity. Probably the first members were converts from the synagogue in Rome, or those who had been converted in Palestine, and then moved to Rome, or some who had been present at the Pentecost when "three thousand were converted," among whom were "strangers of Rome."

Paul was not unknown to the church there. We know of his acquaintance with two whole families besides twenty-six other persons, whom he had probably met in Corinth, Ephesus and elsewhere. His interest in them was so great that he formed the plan of visiting them after he had been to Jerusalem and was on his proposed way to Spain.

While in Corinth, he wrote his Epistle to the Romans. We may think of him as seated in, or walking about, a quiet room in the house of Gaius, now glancing upward to the mountain-tops, now downward upon the waters of the Ionian sea, and now on the parchment where Tertius is writing down as he is told the greatest thoughts of the greatest Apostle. The letter is about Christian doctrine, that which the religion of Christ teaches us to believe; and Christian practice, that which the religion of Christ teaches us to do. Chrysostom—the noted Christian father and teacher—called the Epistle to the Romans "the golden key of the Scriptures." In it Paul's great subject is "*Justification by Faith*," which means our being treated as righteous by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. Those three words are full of meaning, of which the young reader may know something, and which the oldest and wisest may study all their days.

In Paul's letter he says, I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister," the Christian lady of Cenchrea. By her he sent to Rome his letter which must have been a great joy to those who knew and loved him, and little less to those who loved though they had never known him. He loved them all, proving it by saying to them all, "Without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOVER'S WALK.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Over the village orchards
All aflame the orioles fly;
The grossbeaks mounting like the lark
Now float their songs from the sky;
The brooklet softly murmurs
Refrain to a lover's song;
And I have asked for that priceless pearl
The love for which I long!

I hear the brooklet murmuring
And the song-thrush warble his lay;
I hear my own heart throb and throb—
But her face is turned away—
O love! will you answer love for love?
Or shall I have answer "Nay?"

Answer, sweet eyes, in glad surprise,
Love's own sweet power divine!
Answer, sweet words, in the chorus of birds,
"All mine, forever mine!"
And the murmured words in the chorus of birds,
Answered: "Forever thine!"

Twitter away, twitter away,
O, sparrows, within your leafy bowers!
You are not half so happy today
As we who gather the sweet June flowers!

Sunny bright is the meadow,
And sunny bright is the field,
And a lover knows
Where the sweet wild rose
Has many a bud revealed.

We have gathered of buds and blossoms
A nosegay sweet and bright;
With buds as red as lips that wed
With mine in a lover's delight!
And the blush of the rose
And her cheek's soft blush
Are alike in a lover's sight!
Fly not away, O sunny day,
Fly not away too soon,
But tarry for happy lovers,
With the music and flowers of June!

The song-thrush warbles a sweeter song
In his home in the black-thorn tree;
The wild dove plaintively coos his love
And the meadow-lark pipes from the lea!
O, birds, have you guessed our secret?
Are ye singing of days to be?
Shall our love live long
With its summers of song,
Of brooks and meadows and woodland trees,
Of whispering willows and droning bees?
Will its undertone,
My sweet, my own,
Be ever like summer for you and me?

Linger, sweet moments,
Tarry, sweet hours,
The long shadows, gliding too soon,
Bring their dark forms to our woodland bowers,
With the flight of the sweet afternoon.

The yellow-chat saucily lingers to prate
And chatter his love song sweet;
The whippoorwill wearily calls to its mate
And flutters away from our feet.
While hand in hand we are homeward bound,
Loitering long on the way,
Watching together the sunset fade
In the shadowy twilight gray.
Then hand in hand by the gate we stand
With the calm, sweet world at rest;
And of all sweet love that lover's have won,
Our love is the sweetest and best!

JOSEPH L. TOWNSEND.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

BY S. F. KIMBALL.

Picket Post was an old government fort in Pilal country, Arizona. It was located in the foothills, about fifty miles due east of Mesa. After it had been abandoned by Uncle Sam, it became a prominent mining camp, and the name was changed to Pilal. After freighting over the wilds of Arizona for three years and a half, I opened a livery and feed stable at this place. Soon after, I formed a partnership with a man who had been well recommended to me. We did a good business, and made money.

President A. F. MacDonald, and my father-in-law, Francis M. Pomeroy, visited me about this time. Among the things they told me was this: that if I would do right, and pay my tithing, the Lord would bless me; but if not, things would not be well with me. Up to this time I had never given a cent of tithing in my life. I paid but little attention to what they said, and felt pretty well satisfied the way things were going. I did nothing towards living my religion. I was the only man in the place who claimed connection with the "Mormon" Church in any way. My partner kept the books and handled the cash, and I took charge of the other affairs. One morning, he saddled a horse, and said he was going into the hills to collect a bill, and I have never seen him since. I learned afterwards that he had collected all bills, borrowed all the money that he could on our names, and drawn out what cash we had in the bank. He then crossed the line into Old Mexico, which was only seventy-five miles away.

After I learned that I was financially ruined, I began to think over what President MacDonald had told me, but it was too late

then to "lock the stable door." I made up my mind to close this stable, and to lease a smaller one in another part of the town. That night I dreamed that I found two eggs, larger than turkey eggs. I broke one of them, and to my surprise found a large scorpion in it, which filled the whole shell. I felt tempted to open the other, but thinking that I might find something worse, changed my mind. When I awoke, the interpretation was made plain. I had already opened one feed stable, and knew the results. I did not care to open the other. My creditors were pounding me about, but I could do nothing for them. I became discouraged and almost heart-broken. My wife and child had gone to Mesa to visit her parents. The harder I worked to pay my debts, the blacker things looked ahead. I began to have horrible night visions. I dreamed that I was in hurricanes and earthquakes, even hearing the deafening sounds. I saw myself in company with some of my brothers on the brink of precipices, in the act of falling off. These things began to start my religious blood to circulating. It caused me to think seriously of the things my father had taught me, in years gone by. Satan was on the spot to magnify my troubles to the uttermost. When I had reached the zenith of my trouble, as I supposed, I received, from my sister Helen M., a little book that had just been published, entitled *H. C. Kimball's Journal*; also a blessing given to me when I was but eight days old. I had never seen either of them before. This is the blessing, as recorded by President Willard Richards:

A blessing upon the head of Solomon Farnham, son of Heber C. and Vilate M. Kimball, born at Winter Quarters, February 2nd, 1847, by President B. Young, with H. C. Kimball, N. K. Whitney and A. Cutler, at the house of H. C. Kimball.

Solomon Farnham, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, we lay our hands upon thy head, and bless thee with the blessings of thy fathers and of thy forefathers, and of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and with the blessings of eternal life. Thou shalt not be a whit behind any of thy father's house in blessings, but shall receive them in due time, for thou shalt live to enjoy life, and the angels shall have charge over thee, and thou shalt have dominion over every foul spirit, and over death itself, and possess great treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and we seal you unto your father and mother, and bless you with all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

After reading the blessing over several times, carefully, I

commenced to read the book. There was an overruling Power that began to work with me, but I did not know it. I little understood these things, then. I yet had to pass through severe mental suffering, in order to prepare me for what was coming. Satan had laid his plans to destroy me. If he could accomplish this, he would prove President Young to be a false prophet. By the next day I had read the book through. I went to bed that evening pondering over these things. I could not sleep. I felt evil influences gathering around me that I could not understand. It was so different from anything that I had ever experienced before. I had been taught to pray by my parents, but had neglected praying. This oppressive spirit began to bear down upon me in great power. I felt that I could not endure it much longer. I soon found myself upon my knees, praying like a chaplain, but could get no relief. I was alone, and the town people had gone to bed. I walked the floor, and made a strong effort to cry, but this was denied me. I got down on my knees again, and told the Lord of all the mean things that I had ever done in my life, and it took a long time. The harder I prayed the worse I felt, and the worse I felt the harder I prayed. I kept this up all night. It seemed like iron under my feet and brass over my head. I felt that I had been abandoned to the powers of darkness which were determined to destroy me. It was almost daylight, and I was about to give up, when relief came. The Lord had heard my prayers. Darkness had fled, and the heavenly influence that took possession of me almost lifted me from my feet.

For the first time in my life I received a spiritual communication from the heavens. My father, when I was a child, called me his spiritual-minded boy, and I enjoyed that gift to a great extent in my younger days. Here was so much greater that I could not help but clap my hands for joy, and weep like a child. This is the word that I received: "Return to the Mesa ward. Renew your covenants. Pay your tithing. Go to the temple, and have your wife and child sealed to you. Live the life of a Latter-day Saint, and then I will forgive you of your sins, and will bless you."

I felt as if my head were a fountain of tears. I continued to weep and to praise the Lord as long as I remained in that place. The people thought that I had gone crazy. By noon I had sold

and given away almost everything I had. By three o'clock I said good by to Pinal, and have never seen it since.

That afternoon, in company with some of our Mesa boys, we drove out on the desert, about twenty miles, and camped for the night. The Spirit of the Lord had remained with me until this time. I could begin to feel it withdrawing from me. After supper I took my bed and went off about one hundred yards by myself. I felt as if I wanted to be alone. I made my bed, and after I had prayed, went to rest thoroughly worn out. I slept pretty well until towards morning, when the Evil One made another assault upon me, only in a different way. As I lay on my back, I was unable to move a muscle, for at least an hour. I could not utter a word, not even whisper. Then the fallen spirits showed themselves to me, one at a time. All I could see of them was their heads and bodies down to their waists. They would pass in front of me, and then remain about a quarter of a minute and gnash their teeth, and make faces, and then pass on. Then another one would take his place. I never saw the same face twice, and they appeared to be all males. It would be impossible to describe the horrible countenances of these imps of hell. I knew that they could not kill me, from what the Lord had told me. Neither was I frightened of them, but it was a fearful position to be in. They kept this up until daylight, and then left me. I got up and dressed myself, and prayed, but felt downcast all that day. We reached Mesa about noon. After dinner I sought President MacDonald, and related my experience to him. He advised me to say nothing about it to any one, but do as I was told. He said he would be a father to me, and assist me in any way that he could. I asked him what I should do first. He said, "Go to Brother C. I. Robson and ask him to rebaptize you." I told him that I was not on speaking terms with him. He said, "That makes no difference; go and ask his forgiveness." I went down to Brother Robson's house. He was making cane molasses. I asked him if he would forgive me. He was so astonished that he came near falling over backwards. The tears began to stream down his cheeks, and he said, "Certainly I will, and I want you to forgive me," which, of course, I did. I then asked him if he would rebaptize me, and he

said he would. He put his coat on, and we went up to the Mesa canal, and there he performed the ceremony.

I had a few horses and a couple of wagons left. The next day I met a brother who wanted to trade me a home for them. We closed the bargain. This gave me a cozy little home with about four acres of land already cultivated. I attended all the meetings, and was probably the most humble man in the place. I said nothing about my experience to any one, excepting my wife. Many of the Saints, as well as the sinners, could not understand the sudden change that had come over me. Some treated me well, while others looked upon me with suspicion. I attended to my family prayers twice a day and commenced studying the scriptures. I was trying to make up for lost time. I felt that I had come in at the eleventh hour.

That winter, Apostle Erastus Snow came down from Utah to organize us into a stake of Zion. There were probably five or six hundred saints in that part of Arizona, at the time. He had a hard time in selecting suitable timber for this organization. It took him about three days to complete his work. I was acquainted with some of the men whom he had chosen to fill these offices. Some of the timber he used was somewhat warped and had some knots in it, but he did the best he could. Brother Snow had been a close friend to my father and mother, and visited them often when they were alive. Many times he had trotted me on his knee when I was small. During the conference, I kept listening, expecting to hear my name called, but was considerably disappointed. After conference had adjourned, for the first time I began to feel my littleness. I wondered if it could be possible that I was a less worthy man than any of those he had chosen. Brother Snow could read my inmost thoughts. He understood me better than I understood myself. Before starting home, he took me by the hand, in a kind and fatherly manner, and said: "Brother Solomon, if you will continue to do right, I promise you, in the name of the Lord, that it will not be long before you will hold more offices than you will be able to take care of." He then prayed God to bless me. This did me great good. I took hold of my religious duties with a vim, and never left a stone unturned. The worst thing I had to contend with was the self-righteous element. One

prominent man, who was the best friend I had when I was doing wrong, was my worst enemy when I commenced to do right. His class could not bear to see me living my religion. They were continually throwing blocks in my way. One day, at a general conference, one of them, in speaking of those who had been seeking after the things of the world, said it reminded him of Sol. Kimball. After meeting I called his attention to it. I told him that I had been confessing my sins for the last three years. I thought that he ought to confess his own sins. He offered to apologize to me at the afternoon meeting, but I would not submit to it. Some times I would feel quite discouraged. The way some of the brethren treated me, I began to feel like it was no use for me to try to do right. Some of them preached doctrine which, if true, would bar me out of the kingdom of heaven. And if I should happen to get there, I should be covered with scars. I imagined that they were talking to me all the time. I heard so many of these things that I began to feel that I was throwing my time away in trying to work out my salvation. I became despondent, and thoroughly discouraged. I was between two very hot fires. I did not know what to do. I resorted to fasting and praying. I wanted to find out, if possible, whether my labors during the last three years had been acceptable to the Lord. One morning, before breakfast, I went off into the desert, and prayed with great earnestness before the Lord in relation to this matter. After I had been on my knees for twenty-five or thirty minutes, I started back home thinking over these things. I had not gone far when the Spirit of the Lord, in a very satisfactory and comprehensive manner, informed me that my labors had been acceptable to him, and that my sins had been forgiven. It made such a deep and lasting impression upon my mind that I have never felt discouraged in relation to such matters since.

About this time there was a small company getting ready to go to the St. George Temple. I had a team and wagon. I sold my only cow to get an outfit to go along with them. The distance to St. George was five hundred miles, and two hundred of it over a very rough country. We made the trip in three weeks. After having my wife and children sealed to me, I felt that I had carried out the instructions of the Lord to the letter. My heart was

light, and my sins were forgiven. I hitched up my team, and, with my wife and children, drove home all alone. We did not see a living soul for the first two hundred miles, except the men who ran Pearce's Ferry. I drove the five hundred miles in thirteen and a half days, and was the happiest man in Mesa, when I arrived there. I continued to live there until June, 1886. When I left, Brother Snow's prediction upon my head had been literally fulfilled. I did hold more Church offices than I could well take care of, among them being ward clerk, secretary of Sunday school, and one of the seven presidents of a seventies' quorum.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A WRECK.

A ship sailed proudly out to sea;
Its cargo, youth's fond hopes.
It drifted back a dreary wreck,
With empty hold, deserted deck.

O, ye about to launch your boat,
View well the wreck-strewn shore.
Think'st thou thy craft more staunch,
Than that one gone before?

Be not deceived, this wreck lacked naught,
Save one firm hand to guide.
A more imposing structure,
Ne'er on the wave did ride.

Thou who hast learned to sail thy bark,
On placid streams near home,
Remember, it must stronger be,
Upon the deep to roam.

If thou wouldst brave the tempest's power,
Upon life's stormy sea,
Ask God to guide thy vessel through;
He'll safely pilot thee.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Salt Lake City, Utah

IN THE LAND OF FERNS.

BY ELDER JAMES KING, OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

The name applied to this beautiful, fern-bedecked land is not a mere fictitious one, but a most striking reality. The three large Islands, and many smaller ones, known as the New Zealand group, lie off the south-east coast of Australia, and form one of the largest groups in the South seas.

Allow me just to mention a few things that may be seen by a careful observer, as he pursues his course through this far-famed wonderland. Let us start in the far north and come south. In the northern part of the North Island is found one of the most noted forests in the world. It is here the mighty *kauri* grows, which is only second in size to the giants of the forest found in California, U. S. A. Underlying this forest are large gum-fields, where hundreds of natives, and some Europeans, find employment digging gum which has been covered over years ago. Most of this gum is sent to America to be made into varnish. Coming southward, we reach Auckland, settled in 1840, and formerly the capital of New Zealand; its population is now about 58,000. Leaving here, we take train for Rotorua. Upon our arrival at this place, we are soon surrounded by guides who wish to be of service in showing us about among the boiling springs, and spouting geysers, some of them playing over a thousand feet high. We must not stop too long at this place, but take our way along a beautiful mountain trail, winding around the steep mountain-sides, and now and again fording some mountain torrent, while again we come to some that are far too deep to ford; these have to be

crossed by ferry. Some days are spent in traveling through a country where the whistle of a train or the click of a telegraph is never heard. We go by way of Lake Tanupo, the largest fresh-water lake in New Zealand. From thence we go to Willington, the present capital of New Zealand, and here we cross over Cook's Strait, (named in honor of the brave navigator who discovered these islands in 1769) into the South Islands. The climate here grows cooler, while here and there we see a mountain capped with perpetual snow. Along the east coast of this island are large grain fields; while on the west, lie the New Zealand Alps with their lofty summits crowned with ice and snow and numerous glaciers. Many more places might be mentioned, all bearing some beautiful Maori legend, but space will not permit me to go into detail.

I wish to say a little with regard to the peculiar race of people inhabiting this coveted land. I say coveted, and it is so to the utmost. The white settlers are trying hard to get, and I am sorry to say are slowly but surely getting, the land away from its rightful owners. My close association with this people, during the past two years, has kindled a love within my heart for them, in so much that I feel perfectly at home among them. Taking them as a whole, they are a very kind and hospitable people, and never tire in doing what they can to make one welcome, whenever occasion presents itself. They are, however, a very superstitious race, and this has come down from father to son, and we have to be very careful not to overstep these bounds. For instance, if you walk through a graveyard, you become *tapou* (unclean), and the people, (if they be non-"Mormons") set about to sprinkle you with clean, cold water to cleanse you from your *hara* (sin). When a person dies, a queer ceremony is carried out, which was partly explained in the March number of the ERA, Volume IX. As soon as the spirit takes its departure, all the belongings of the deceased become *tapou*, and must be collected to accompany their late owner to his last resting place. I will just relate a little incident that came under my observation. It happened on July 4, 1905, therefore easy to remember. I was called to take charge of a funeral service held over the remains of an old Maori lady. The services over, we proceeded to the *urupa*, or graveyard. After the dedi-

catory prayer was offered, and the coffin lowered into the grave, blankets, clothes, kettles and mats were thrown into the grave, on top of the coffin. We were just beginning to cast in the dirt when a Maori woman came running, all out of breath, carrying in her outstretched hand a pair of shoes, which she deposited in the hole, and smiled with the satisfaction of one who has done a duty. Later on in the day, as the evening shades were falling, an old lady was seen shoeless, gathering some sticks for fuel, and some *puha* for supper. When asked, "Where are your shoes!" she replied, "I lost them at the funeral." Alas! the shoes had this time preceded their owner to the grave. This was soon noised about the small village, and peal after peal of hearty laughter was caused through the little mistake.

We have many friends among the Europeans as well as among the natives, and I am pleased to state that the ERA is being read with pleasure by several of them.

Gisborne, Poverty Bay.

WORK.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Get into the swing of the world!
 Rejoice in its clatter and hum.
 O, do not shirk, but work, work, work,
 And be glad that there's work to be done!

Be thou the world's brain or its brawn;
 Be the potter who mouldeth the clay;
 Be not afraid to blaze new trails,
 Though the millions throng the beaten way.

Be cheerful, patient and true;
 Leaving follies and fashions to kings;
 Seek freedom of body and soul,
 And the deep joy of common things.

Walk shoulder to shoulder with men,
 In defense of the right lift your voice;
 And do not shirk, but work, work, work.
 In the work of the world rejoice.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE MISSIONARY—THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

BY DR. SEYMOUR B. YOUNG, OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF SEVENTY.

“Come, let us reason together.” There was a time in our history when men were called into the ministry without previous preparation or any opportunity of schooling, who responded to the call without further notice, shouldering their knap-sacks and starting immediately to their fields of labor. At that time in our history men readily responded; and, though they were destitute in a financial way, and often left their families without a supply of daily bread, and oftentimes shelterless, yet there was no hesitancy on the part of those elders, although they left their families under those painful circumstances.

Today we find circumstances changed for the better, so far as the financial conditions are concerned. The young missionary now is permitted, and in fact required, to be a student of the gospel and a member of a missionary class in some of our Latter-day Saints institutions of learning, that he may become familiar with, and know how to express in public and in private, the sentiments of one who is called and inspired to teach its sacred principles. And now when the call comes, after this very necessary preparation, he goes out from home on a palace car, on which he rides with comfort to his field of labor, in this country, but if across the ocean, in a palace steamer, with every comfort that can be afforded him. And generally, after the elder gets to his field of labor, his relatives at home furnish him with sufficient means to supply him with the necessities of life during his stay in the missionary field. And he has the assurance, also, that the family left

at home will not lack for the necessities of life, whether he has gone out from his father's family or left wife and children of his own. Under these improved circumstances, and in consideration of the fact that the gospel must be carried intelligently to every nation under heaven, the Church requires strong men. I mean by this, men of character, men who are clean and pure and who keep the law of chastity, and observe strictly that greatest of all hygienic laws that were ever written, the word of the Lord through the Prophet Joseph Smith, the word of wisdom, found on the 321st page of the Book of Covenants. "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the entire section.

The Church needs men who are physically and mentally in perfect condition, as well as spiritually and morally. We want men with straight backs, strong arms, and strong legs, with well developed chests. Men who, on account of their physical condition, can run without weariness, and who can walk any required distance without fainting by the wayside. A strong body with a resolute soul, free from the weakness of vice or wrong-doing.

In conversation with the foreman of a big railroad recently, the writer was informed that his company was exacting better habits of life from their men than heretofore. Absolute abstinence from strong drink was one of those requirements, and no one of their men on duty, as a conductor, flagman, fireman, or in any way connected with a running train, was allowed to smoke during the hours of his employment. If physical duties, in which is connected merely the matters of dollar and cents for the labor performed, demand these better habits of life, how much greater the necessity for those who go forth to labor in the missionary field to save the souls of their fellowmen? President Eliot of Harvard said recently that for fifty years no student that used tobacco or strong drink had graduated at the head of his class. There are numerous examples that might be cited, but I think with the reading of the revelation before mentioned, on the word of wisdom, and earnestly considering the examples mentioned, enough on this point will have been said in this communication for the present.

I wish to add, however, that during the month of April last, we examined physically and set apart more than one hundred missiona-

ries, of whom about seventy-five per cent were users of tobacco. The record has brightened since then, and only a few in the month of May have been breaking the law. True, those brethren were permitted to go on their missions, but only on condition that now and hereafter they would observe to keep the word of wisdom in the spirit and letter thereof. We hope that parents will also impress this thought upon their boys, and the sisters and wives of the young missionaries will help to impress upon them the observance of that law, in order that when they present themselves for their missionary blessings, that we may find them better prepared physically, mentally, and spiritually than were those who have heretofore violated a law of the Church.

Recently we have learned with deep sorrow of the death of two of our missionary boys in the Netherlands Mission, from that loathsome disease, smallpox. The families of these two boys, parents, brothers and sisters, have our deepest, heartfelt sympathy. We earnestly pray that the Lord will give them that consolation which he alone can give, and these parents and loved ones may be assured that these noble sons have laid down their lives as martyrs to the cause of truth, for the Lord has decreed that they shall inherit a martyr's crown.

This brings to mind the subject of vaccination. It is generally conceded that all of our missionaries should be vaccinated ere their departure from home. While this is not obligatory, nor to be forced upon any one against his wishes, yet it is advised, and the counsel should be observed in every instance, that elders thus exposed, especially in a foreign country, can be safeguarded by this great discovery of the immortal Jenner. From this time on, the elders will be invited to receive vaccination prior to the time that they report themselves ready to start on their missions. I must quote again here the requirements of one of our great railroad corporations; namely, the Oregon Short Line. They require today of their laborers that they be vaccinated, or produce a medical certificate that they have already been successfully vaccinated, or that they have had smallpox, thus making them immune to that very dangerous disease, before being employed upon their line; and the Church considers also that every safeguard should be thrown around our missionaries, especially those who go to foreign lands.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

CONCERNING THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG MEN.

BY MILTON BENNION, M. A., PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

V.—HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

It is not uncommon to find two extreme views of the value and importance of school education. One of these views identifies the school with education, and measures men by the number and grade of the schools they have attended. The other view regards the school, especially of the higher sort, as unnecessary and artificial, and holds that it is better for young people to get their education through hard experiences of life. The first view comes from an inadequate comprehension of education; the second, from a misunderstanding of the nature and purpose of the school.

The school can be most correctly judged by viewing it in the light of history. Primitive man was educated without the aid of schools; but he was also without elaborate organization of church and state. He was a stranger to complex industrial conditions, and altogether his life was very simple. Somewhat analogous conditions prevail in pioneer communities, except that while conditions are less simple, they are generally more strenuous than with primitive man. Under *these conditions* man's time and resources are so occupied in acquiring the means of physical life that he has little opportunity to establish or patronize schools and colleges.

It is true that without these aids some primitive peoples have attained a civilization worthy of respect, and some of our leading men today have come up through the hard conditions of pioneer

life with little or no schooling. These latter cases are sometimes pointed out in disparagement of school training. Let us look into the reasons for this opinion.

It must be understood at the outset that the whole life process is one of education, and that all the experiences of life, including the labor connected with making a living, and one's association with others in the family, and in civil and religious societies, enter into one's education. The school may be regarded as an institution that aims to provide for that kind of *education* that requires formal instruction and training, and that cannot be so well managed by other institutions.

To return to the case of pioneer education. The men who have been brought up under these adverse conditions, but who have nevertheless attained to eminence, are men who have been diligent in every calling of life, and who have, moreover, taken advantage of every opportunity presented to them for self improvement. They have devoted part of their time for many years to private study. Many of them have also traveled extensively. Thus, by this private study and wide experience, they have made up for much that was lacking in formal school training.

If young men would become great through imitating great men, this imitation must be based upon principles. It cannot be based upon the detailed events of life. Any attempt thus to imitate another in detail is sure to be harmful rather than beneficial, sure to bring the imitator all the follies and weaknesses of his idol, without any of the strength and greatness. We learn from others by studying their character and principles, and by seeking to imitate only in this general way. Conditions, in detail, are greatly changed from one generation to another, but the fundamental principles of life and character remain the same. Some of these I have already indicated. To put them down more definitely, we may say, in negative statement, that the successful man does not idle away his time; he is not a loafer. He does not contract immoral habits. He does not shirk duties and responsibilities. In positive terms: He takes advantages of *all opportunities* for self-culture and development. He lives a virtuous and temperate life. He has courage and energy to meet every emergency, and he is pos-

sessed by a sense of responsibility to God and his fellow men in all his conduct.

These, therefore, are the things to be imitated. In so doing, no one will miss an opportunity to obtain secondary and higher education because some one else has been successful without it. No one who is fortunate enough to go to college will think that the mere fact of attendance there will put him on the road to greatness. There, as elsewhere, these same principles must be diligently applied.

The application of these principles in the lives of most young men, today, would give them at least some advanced school training. A little energy and worthy ambition on the part of a youth will bring these advantages within easy reach. It is much more necessary now that young men should have this training than it was a generation ago. Conditions have so changed that if a young man is to profit by present and future opportunities, he must have better general education and more technical training than his father had to gain equal success. For instance, forty years ago young men could find abundance of land with water available, still unoccupied, and this virgin soil they could own and cultivate with very little capital and still less school training. They could with equal ease engage in stock raising on the public domain. The orchards and gardens in this new country were not generally infested with pests that required skilled scientific treatment. It is true that, with these easy conditions, there was also a lack of many comforts and luxuries now very common. But these comforts and luxuries never having been possessed, were not regarded as necessary to comfortable living.

The increase of population and the advancement of civilization have changed all this. While many of the old opportunities have passed, new ones have taken their places. But the new opportunities are different in kind, and they require different training. A young man, seeking to profit by the best opportunities, will find that competition has become a prominent factor, and that if he would succeed he must have as good training as that of his competitors. Higher education, then, is becoming more and more a necessity.

Both state and church are doing their part to provide oppor-

tunities for young people to meet these conditions. The practically free, liberal and technical training that the state, church, and some private schools afford should be an inspiration to every young man to become a member of one or more of these institutions. If a youth has to work and save in order to pay his own expenses while in school, this need be no obstacle. On the contrary, it is commonly an advantage, since this very experience tends to give strength and stability of character that, joined with scholastic studies and experience, make for the highest manhood.

To be successful, a young man entering upon a school course must be thoughtful and attend carefully to his habits. If I were advising in reference to these, I should say: Cultivate vigor in all your work. The preparation of a lesson is measured, not merely by the time spent over it, but by the amount of concentrated attention given it. A few hours of vigorous work are worth more than a whole day of half-hearted application. If sleepy in the evening, do not nod over your books until midnight, but go to bed at nine o'clock, if need be, and have enough sleep in a well ventilated room, so that you can work without dozing between the disjointed fragments of your thought. A little relaxation shortly before and for some time after meals is, in the end, economy of time. Physical exercise, in moderation, is necessary. This may be had in athletics, gymnastics, or otherwise, depending upon the inclinations of the individual and the opportunities at hand. If taken in athletics, avoid excess; take enough to promote health and the greatest mental power. Let it be a means to this end, but do not be possessed by athletics. Seek to be regular in all personal habits. Be active in student organizations, and other worthy enterprises. Do not break the connection between knowing and doing. A whole-hearted patriotism, manifested in co-operating with others for the advancement of the institution of which you are a member, is the best antidote for that carping, destructive criticism characteristic of the cynic.

As to what course of study, or what elective studies, should be taken in the high school or college, suggestions would have to be made to fit the natural abilities, inclinations and circumstances of each individual. This can be done by teachers and intelligent parents as the work progresses. A few hints, however, in gen-

eral. It is not good for young people to try to specialize at the beginning of their courses. They cannot do it successfully. The first years should be devoted to general studies to form a foundation for special scholarship or technical studies. These early years may be devoted properly to acquiring a more perfect knowledge of the English language and literature, to the study of elementary algebra and geometry, the elements of physics, chemistry, and biology, of history and geography, civil government and economics, physiology and psychology, and to the acquisition of one or more foreign languages. Those who are going on with advanced studies will find it most economical to do their elementary work in foreign languages in the high school period, beginning as early as they can. That the acquirement of foreign language becomes more difficult with age, after maturity, is too well known to require comment. Beware of a tendency to turn against, and try to get out of, a study that you do not happen to like at the beginning, or one that presents unusual difficulty. Be governed by your highest ideals, rather than by temporary inclination. You should consider not so much what your interests *are*, but what they *ought to be*, and endeavor to make the *are* conform to the *ought*. You may follow your natural or acquired interests if they are right and best for you; if they are not, create new ones to take their places. A new interest can be created by directing attention to the thing that is to be the object of interest, and by working successfully with it. Any student will observe that if he gets behind in a study and neglects it, his interest lags; and that the harder he works, and the more difficulties he overcomes, the greater his interest and his profit. Beware, also, of a tendency to reject every study that seems to you to have no practical value. That word *practical* is a snare to many minds, since it is frequently misunderstood or misapplied. What practical value have poetry and philosophy? None, indeed, for the vulgar who see nothing in life but making a living. For most people, nine-tenths of the science, history and literature they study likewise would have to be condemned. If you would know what is truly practical in education, lift your eyes to the starry heavens and ask yourself, Is it worth while to know something of the meaning of this Universe? Is it worth while to appreciate its grandeur and to behold the

beauty it contains? Is it worth while to think and feel and act as though you were an organic part of this Universe, and especially as if you were a unit in the great brotherhood of mankind? If you answer in the affirmative, then you must know all you can about this Universe, and you must comprehend and feel as fully as possible the life of mankind. Then mathematics and science, history and biography, languages and literature, art, philosophy, and religion, all these have intense practical value. They, each and all, will help you to understand the world, the life of man, and God, and to enter into and appreciate this life. They will aid you, not merely to make a living, but to live that richer, fuller, more spiritual life appropriate to man as a child of God.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

UTAH.

(*For the Improvement Era*)

BY T. E. CURTIS.

Utah, the morning breaks!
Over the fields and lakes
Beauty herself awakes,
 Sweet with her song;
List how it swells, and fills
Thy fertile vales and hills,
Till every bosom thrills,
 Buoyant and strong.

Born of thy rills and leas;
Born of thy hills and seas;
Like a strange voice on these
 Deserts of sand;
Born of a thousand throats,
In a wild strain of notes,
List how it swells, and floats
 Over the land.

Borne on the wind that blows
Fresh from the summer snows,
Sweet with the songs of those
 Musical rills;
Wild with the harmony
Of keyless melody;
Sweet with the breath of the
 Blossoming hills.

Patriots, have we not
Seen o'er this garden spot
Regeneration wrought?
 Deserts, to yield,
Like a scourged enemy,
To the hostility
Of mighty industry
 Marching afield?

Thou art a gem, my land,
 Glittering on the sand;
 By that heroic band
 Of pioneers
 Found; where the golden grain
 Gladdens the sunset plain
 And, amid toil and pain,
 Polished in tears.

Loved for thy fruitful land
 Plucked from the desert sand,
 Where truth, and virtue, and
 Liberty reign;
 Loved for thy towers that rise
 Kissing the sunny skies,
 Born of thy sacrifice,
 And of thy pain!

Loved for thy lily, white!
 Loved for thy dawning, bright!
 Loved for thy truth and light
 Shining afar!
 Loved for thy muse and song!
 Loved for thy battle strong—
 The right against the wrong—
 Mightiest war!

Let every hill and plain,
 Through all the mountain chain,
 Echo the glad refrain
 Of thy sweet song;
 Let every land and clime,
 Down all the reach of time,
 Ring with thy theme sublime—
 Right over wrong.

Thou art a beacon light,
 Piercing the cloud of night
 Where the chaotic white
 Seas never sleep;
 Lighting to liberty
 All who look up to thee,
 Out of the mass of the
 Riotous deep.

Not that thy soil may boast
 Homage from coast to coast,
 Art thou beloved the most;
 But from thy dawn,
 That God has chosen thee
 Out of obscurity,
 And set thy destiny
 Upward and on.

Bursting the limit band
 Around thy smiling land,
 Fresh as thy meadows and
 Pure as thy rills;
 Thy sons, and daughters thine—
 Lights heaven made to shine—
 Grow like the stately pine
 Crowning thy hills.

Utah, thy noble sires,
 Of whom no story tires,
 Planted these lofty fires
 Here in thy breast;
 And, with the standard, free,
 Of righteous liberty,
 This mighty destiny
 Here in the west.

Out of the flames they fled!
 Over the snows they bled,
 Leaving, oftentimes, their dead
 Midway the flight;
 Somewhere, new soils to break!
 Somewhere, new homes to make!
 Somewhere! for conscience' sake,
 And for the right.

Over the sunset crest
 Into the rocky west,
 Out of the land they best
 Cherished, they trod;
 Giving back good for ill;
 Giving their blood to spill;
 True to their country still,
 True to their God.

Flung to the desert zone,
Like the leaves autumn blown,
Into a land unknown;

Desert and snow
Pointing the path they trod:
Justice, the traitor's rod,
Comfort, the rock and sod,
Glory, their woe.

Such were those noble ones!
This is the blood that runs
Down to thy loyal sons,
Setting aflame
Each patriotic breast,
Queen of the sunny west,
So nobly manifest
Unto thy fame.

Now, with our growing powers!
Now, with the burden ours!
Now, that our country flowers!
Sons of her soil!
Shall we stand by and shun
Duty, and see undone
Triumphs our fathers won,
Born of their toil?

While there's a wrong to right!
While there's a foe to fight!
While there's a soul to light
Unto the truth!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

On! to the battle line!
Let every virtue shine!
Truth's mighty sword is thine,
Noblest youth!

Crowding the storms before,
For they still blackened o'er,
Mark how the flag they bore—
Pride of the brave—
In the first gleam of light
Rose like a rainbow bright
O'er yonder mountain-height,
Ever to wave.

Like the old covenant
Born in the firmament,
Waving o'er Zion's Tent
Here in the west;
Proud of each noble son;
Proud of the battle won,
Out where the golden sun
Sinks to his rest.

In her blue, starry zone,
Still o'er thy valleys flown,
Whence to the world is thrown
Liberty's light;
Thy country's honor thine,
May thou, oh Utah mine,
Down through the ages shine
Constant and bright.

BOOK OF MORMON TRANSLATION.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MANUAL THEORY.

[Interest in the manner of the translation of the Book of Mormon is still alive among many thoughtful students. The following letters on the subject are, therefore, both timely and engaging—EDITORS].

April 28, 1906.

President B. H. Roberts, Salt Lake City:

DEAR BROTHER:—As a subscriber to the ERA I have also received the *Manual* from year to year, and I have perused them with much interest. I have carefully studied the lessons or chapters pertaining to the translation of the Book of Mormon, and have read your articles, published in the recent numbers of the ERA, written as a defense of your theory of translation as set forth in the *Manual*.

It is not my intention to enter into any controversy with you in relation to this theory, this would be presumptuous on my part. Neither do I want to criticize, but inasmuch as we have no *sure* authority, no word left us from the Prophet, neither anything revealed putting this matter beyond a doubt, the field is open for theorizing. I would readily accept your theory with just one amendment, and to propose that amendment I write you these lines. While reading one of your articles, a thought was suggested to me like this: May it not have been that the Prophet *did see*, as related, through the Urim and Thummim the translation of each sentence from the plates into the English language, but in a so-called word for word or literal translation; and from this odd rendering, it became his task to put the sentence into readable English? Taking this view of it, we can account for how the language of the Book of Mormon is in part *modern* and in part decidedly ancient. The Prophet having used partly the words as they appeared, and, in order to put it into proper form, used or supplied words of his own. This will account for all errors, and place the responsibility for them where it *must* belong,

with man and not with God. It would give due importance and credit to the sacred instruments, and would leave ample scope for the Prophet to exercise his own mental powers. It would make the statements of Martin Harris and David Whitmer in relation to the translation substantially correct, and it would also be in perfect harmony with what the Lord made known to Oliver Cowdery in relation to the mode of translation.

I don't know, of course, what objections you may see to this idea, but shall be pleased, if you are not too busy to do so, if you will write me a line in relation to it.

With kind regards, your brother,

ELDER ROBERTS' REPLY.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, June 1, 1906.

DEAR BROTHER:—Your esteemed favor of April 28th duly to hand, and contents read with pleasure; but have not found opportunity to write you on the subject of your letter until now. The solution you suggest as to difficulties involved in the alleged manner of translating the Book of Mormon have been urged upon my attention by others, but, unfortunately, not always in the clear and temperate spirit of your communication. I have several letters before me now asking if the supposition you suggest is not tenable, and would it not relieve us of whatever remains of difficulties, after accepting the chief ideas advanced in the *Manual* theory of translation. I have had a number of conversations with others on the same subject, and it may interest you to know that one of the prominent professors in one of our principal Church institutions of learning very earnestly entertains the same theory.

Your theory is so clearly and completely stated in your letter that it need not be restated by me. All you ask is my opinion of it.

Frankly, then, in the first place, I cannot see that it helps us out of our difficulties at all. In the second place, it still involves us in the absurdity of supposing some kind of intellectual or mental force in the transparent stones of the Urim and Thummim. And in the third place, all the supposed harmonizing effect of your suggestion is already found in the *Manual* theory of translation.

Of course, however, the whole point at issue in my consideration of your suggestion, is the probability of its being true; for if we can but get at the truth of the matter for once, all other considerations, in time will take care of themselves,—the difficulties in which it would seemingly involve us, the harmonizing of all seeming inconsistencies, all seeming conflict of testimonies of the uncritical persons who were honored of God in bringing forth the work, etc. So now, as to the probability of the truth of your suggestion.

First, I must demur somewhat to your remark that we have nothing “revealed putting this matter beyond a doubt;” I am rather inclined to think we have. The more I think of the Lord’s revelation to Oliver Cowdery describing the manner in which he might have exercised the gift of translation by means of Urim and Thummim, had his faith not failed him (Doc. and Cov., secs. viii, ix), the more I am convinced that we have the Lord’s description of the manner in which translation by means of Urim and Thummim is accomplished. That is the word of the Lord, to which all theories must conform, whatever becomes of merely human testimonies. Now with this as the premise, I hold that it is clear that the power which stands between the Nephite characters seen through Urim and Thummim, and the English translation of these, is the inspired mind of the Prophet Joseph Smith; and not any intellectual or mental power in the transparent stones of the divine instrument. To suppose that Urim and Thummim, by some means, and necessarily it must have been intellectual means, some mental process, made a transliteration from the Nephite characters in exact though awkward and often meaningless English equivalents, which Joseph Smith constructs into his unlearned yet plainly understood English, (your theory) is to transcend all human experience and knowledge which God has revealed, and lands us back into the midst of all the difficulties from which we are trying to escape. To explain: It nowhere appears from anything which man has discovered, or that God has revealed, that there is any substance, from street mud to radium, from a mountain to an atom, or an electron, aside from *mind*, that possesses intellectual or mental force, the only force conceivable as translating the thought crystalized in the symbols of one language, into

thought crystalized into the symbols of another language—intellectual or mental force alone, I say, must be supposed to be capable of doing such work as that. If the Urim and Thummim possessed that intellectual power it must have been conferred upon it of God, and under that supposition, we are brought face to face again with all our old difficulties, chief of which is the question: If God created such an instrument, and conferred upon it the power to give a transliteration of the Nephite characters, how is it that he did not give it the power to translate the meaning into reasonable and readable, not to say perfect English, at first hand, and relieve us from the awkward supposition that the instrument possessed the mental power to make the literal translation from the Nephite language—which Joseph Smith was left to construct into bad English? What would be gained by the adoption of this cumbersome and, pardon me, untenable theory? And again, what occasion for it, when we have the more simple and reasonable theory of the *Manual* which is in accord with what God has revealed upon the subject, and not necessarily contradictory of what Messrs. Whitmer and Harris have said upon the subject? In order that this may appear, I restate the *Manual* theory: The Prophet saw the Nephite characters in the Urim and Thummim; through strenuous mental effort, the exercise of faith and the operation of the inspiration of God upon his mind, he obtained the thought represented by the Nephite characters, understood them in the Nephite language, and then expressed that understanding, the thought, in such language as he was master of; which language, as his mind by mental processes arranged it, was caught and held to his vision in Urim and Thummim until written by his amanuensis. That leaves all the factors involved in the work of translation in their true relation: The Urim and Thummim an *aid* to the Prophet in the work, yet not necessarily, and contrary to human experience and knowledge revealed of God, endowed with intellectual power; the mind of the Prophet, touched through his faith by the inspiration of God, the chief factor; the testimony of Messrs. Harris and Whitmer that both Nephite characters and the English translation appeared in the Urim and Thummim, undisturbed and unimpaired.

That I believe to be the truth of the matter, so far as it may

be ascertained, and the certainty of it grows apace. The compromise suggestions you make I do not think can stand, but they indicate an advancement from the old untenable theory. That theory cannot be successfully maintained; that is, the Urim and Thummim did the translating, the Prophet, nothing beyond repeating what he saw reflected in that instrument; that God directly or indirectly is responsible for the verbal and grammatical errors of translation. To advance such a theory before intelligent and educated people is to unnecessarily invite ridicule, and make of those who advocate it candidates for contempt.

Since receiving your letter I have received a communication from Ann Arbor, Michigan, written by Brother Francis W. Kirkham, of Provo, the body of which is as follows:

"A paper on 'Mormonism' was recently read before the seminary class in American History at this university. The writer was very fair, and I believe tried to be impartial. In the paper the manner of the interpretation of the Book of Mormon as described by Martin Harris was brought to its only logical conclusion. Our professor stopped the reader and asked if 'Joseph Smith had made the statement which seemed so incredulous.'

"'I am not sure,' was the reply, 'yet this appears to be the 'Mormon' explanation of the manner of interpretation.'

"Later I gave copies of the last *Manual* to both our professor and my fellow classmate. Both myself and another 'Mormon' boy who listened to the paper, heartily wished that the correspondents you found it necessary to answer in the last two numbers of the ERA had been seated in the room. We believe a cure would have been the result."

Desiring something more in detail on this circumstance, Edward H. Anderson, assistant editor of the ERA, wrote to Elder Kirkham for further particulars. Following is the body of the letter received in reply to this request:

The paper was on "Mormonism." In discussing the Book of Mormon, the reader followed largely the argument of Mr. Frank Pierce in a number of the *American Archaeologist*. [I can get the exact reference when I return to Ann Arbor.] I did not read the article in full, but it quoted from the writings of Martin Harris, and others. Mr. Pierce claimed he gave the "Mormon" account of the interpretation of the golden plates, which is, he said, that Joseph Smith, Jr., saw the

exact words he was to write in the transparent stone spectacles and that the words would not disappear until the scribe had written them exactly as the Lord had given them. Mr. Pierce also gave the testimony of the printer of the original edition of the Book of Mormon in which he testified that the "Smiths" would not allow him to change the manuscript in the least although he was aware of its crudeness.

When the reader of the paper had made the above assertions concerning the interpretation of the Book of Mormon, our professor spoke up and said: "Are you sure Joseph Smith said this was the manner of the interpretation?" "No," was the reply, "I am not sure." "Well," continued our professor, "It is very important that we know, for, if Joseph Smith did make the assertions you speak of, there seems to me but one logical conclusion, either the Lord intentionally made all the mistakes of the first edition and colored the writings with the provincialisms of New York state, or, that the Lord was unable to speak correctly or use other than the phrases and mannerisms of the locality in which Joseph Smith lived."

I wrote to Elder B. H. Roberts the letter because we regretted the necessity of his two articles in the ERA which he was obliged to write in defense of the position which he took in the last Manual. We regret it, because we realize that the Martin Harris theory of the interpretation is contrary to common sense and reason.

It is no use resisting the matter, the old theory must be abandoned. It could only come into existence and remain so long and now be clung to by some so tenaciously because our fathers and our people in the past and now were and are uncritical. They have been and are now—and to their honor be it said—more concerned with the fact of the divine origin of the Book of Mormon and the great work it introduced than to the *modus operandi* of its translation. Overwhelmed by a divine testimony of its truth they have paid little attention to the precise manner by which it was brought forth. It is doubtful if the Prophet Joseph himself was conscious of the mental and spiritual processes of translation. It was not his part in the great work to distinguish all the *minutiae* of the process by which the word of God came to him. It was his higher and nobler part to feel and know the word of God in his own soul; to receive that word through the aids and means provided of God, and to proclaim that word of God to the world, leaving to others the less important task of expounding it, unifying its parts, harmonizing it with previous revelations, proving it true, analyzing it, defending it when assailed. And in the process of attending to the part of the work of God the Prophet left

to us, we meet with the necessity of explaining the manner of translating the Book of Mormon, so far as it can be ascertained, in order to defend the book from assaults made upon it by mocking unbelievers. One could wish that our own people would approach the consideration of the matter with less feeling and more reason than they do; for the whole effort on the part of those who put forth the *Manual* theory of translation is merely to ascertain the truth respecting the matter, and with the view of finding a basis from which the work may be successfully defended and advocated.

These latter reflections bring to mind some observations I remember to have read some time ago in the philosophical works of John Fiske respecting two classes of disciples or partisans in the world of religious and philosophical opinion, which I think with profit may be reproduced here. By the way, I see the passage occurs in the introduction to *Fiske's Work*, written by Josiah Boyce, and is as follows:

Disciples and partisans, in the world of religious and of philosophical opinion, are of two sorts. There are, first, the disciples pure and simple,—people who fall under the spell of a person or of a doctrine, and whose whole intellectual life thenceforth consists in their partisanship. They expound, and defend, and ward off foes, and live and die faithful to the one formula. Such disciples may be indispensable at first in helping a new teaching to get a popular hearing, but in the long run they rather hinder than help the wholesome growth of the very ideas that they defend: for great ideas live by growing, and a doctrine that has merely to be preached, over and over, in the same terms, cannot possibly be the whole truth. No man ought to be merely a faithful disciple of any other man. Yes, no man ought to be a mere disciple even of himself. We live spiritually by outliving our formulas, and by thus enriching our sense of their deeper meaning. Now the disciples of the first sort do not live in this larger and more spiritual sense. They repeat. And true life is never mere repetition.

On the other hand, there are disciples of a second sort. They are men who have been attracted to a new doctrine by the fact that it gave expression, in a novel way, to some large and deep interest which had already grown up in themselves, and which had already come, more or less independently, to their own consciousness. They thus bring to the new teaching, from the first, their own personal contribution. The truth that they gain is changed as it enters their souls. The seed that the sower strews upon their fields springs up in their soil, and bears fruit,—thirty, sixty, an hundred fold. They return to their master his own with usury. Such men are the disciples that it is worth while for a master to have. Disciples of the first sort often become, as Schopenhauer said, mere magnifying

mirrors wherein one sees enlarged, all the defects of a doctrine. Disciples of the second sort co-operate in the works of the Spirit; and even if they always remain rather disciples than originators, they help to lead the thought that they accept to a truer expression. They force it beyond its earlier and cruder stages of development.

I believe "Mormonism" affords opportunity for disciples of the second sort; nay, that its crying need is for such disciples. It calls for thoughtful disciples who will not be content with merely repeating some of its truths, but will develop its truths; and enlarge it by that development. Not half—not one-hundredth part—not a thousandth part of that which Joseph Smith revealed to the Church has yet been unfolded, either to the Church or to the world. The work of the expounder has scarcely begun. The Prophet planted by teaching the germ-truths of the great dispensation of the fulness of times. The watering and the weeding is going on, and God is giving the increase, and will give it more abundantly in the future as more intelligent discipleship shall obtain. The disciples of "Mormonism," growing discontented with the necessarily primitive methods which have hitherto prevailed in sustaining the doctrine, will yet take profounder and broader views of the great doctrines committed to the Church; and, departing from mere repetition, will cast them in new formulas; co-operating in the works of the Spirit, until they help to give to the truths received a more forceful expression, and carry it beyond the earlier and cruder stages of its development.

You see once having got started, I have gone beyond the inquiries of your letter, though I hope not unprofitably so. And, by the way, since there are a number who are inclined to the view of the manner of translation suggested by you, is there any objection in your mind, to publishing this correspondence as a part of the very interesting consideration now being given to the subject of which it treats?

Very truly yours,

B. H. ROBERTS.

PALMETTO.

BY DANIEL S. MCQUARRIE.

[This narrative is an actual and exciting experience of the writer, while on a week's visit to the range in question some three years ago, when he was a lad of fourteen. It will interest the southern Utah boys, because it comes within the limits of their own experiences; and the boys everywhere, because it is intended to awaken sympathy for one of their dearest and most faithful animal friends—the horse.—EDITORS.]

Just across the boundary line of Utah, in the center of a level, wind-swept plateau, which is skirted by blue mountains, and crossed by only a low ridge, covered with cedars, lies Pipe Springs, like an oasis in a desert.

Here the brave, hardy and foolhardy rangers make their camp, corral tough ponies, and, twice each year, gather great herds of range cattle from the plateau and the mountains beyond it. In the summer, when the sun is hot and the wind is dry with dust, when the lakes in the mountains are dry, and the tiny springs evaporate before they reach the troughs, the wild mustangs steal in, gorge themselves with cool water, and again seek their home in the mountains.

The wind had blown clouds of dust before it since morning, and the sandy slopes were covered with little reefs, like ripples on the sea. In the evening the breeze had died away. I lay against my saddle, watching the cook at his work, and idly digging a hole in the ground with my spur. Glancing to the west, I saw three men riding toward camp.

"Hurry up, Pete," I said, "here come the boys, and they'll be as hungry and tired as their horses."

Far across the plain, on a distant mountain, the sun cast his last glance over the distant ranges, as if to see if all were well.

Just as he reluctantly sank, leaving the west aglow with his splendor, the boys came riding into camp. Scarcely had they thrown off their saddles, before Pete called "chuck." We sat by the fire and ate as only people can who enjoy perfect health, and who have faced the fresh wind on horseback all day.

"Well, Kid," said Clyde Roper, called "Cly" by the fellows and girls in town, and Roper by the rangers, "you missed it by not coming with us today."

I asked what the day had done for them, but, at that moment Cly's attention was attracted, since Pete had just removed the lid from the bake-oven, so Don Ricker, the oldest of us, was left to supply the detail.

But Don simply said, "O, we saw Palmetto and his bunch."

Harvey, a half breed, and a skillful horseman, said, "I'd swap a corral full a yearlin's to get within a rope's length of that horse."

I asked if the "Bar X" (X) mares were with him. Cly smiled over his tin plate for an answer, and said, "Wild as him; poor old Kitchen, he loved those mares; shipped them from the East."

Harvy broke in, "He 'lowed he'd raise a band uv beauties with them bay mares."

Cly continued, "He rode a sheep-skin for two years to save money enough to buy 'em, but he won't ketch 'em on a sheep-skin. I wonder where they water; his is the only band that ain't been in this summer. They've had a lake but it's done."

Don seemed to be all wise on every subject, "They looked dry."

After supper, I braided a quirt, and Harvy and Cly told me more of Palmetto. Don, however, brooded over the dying coals. I was sure the picture he studied there was the yellow mustang leading his band. At length he spoke; all listened: "They'll be in tomorrow. The kid and me'll go out on the ridge. You boys stay here at Pipe, and keep your horses fresh. When they get all the water they'll drink, all you have to do is, sit on your horses, keep behind the bunch, and spur. After they've run seven miles in front of your ponies, which are pretty good, if you spur—"

"Not a better horse ever drank water from these springs than Shiner," said Cly.

"Even the yaller himself 'll have to do his best to keep a rope's length a head of Pedro," continued Don, disdaining Cly's remark.

I was sorry that I had not been with them. Palmetto was the best known horse on the southern ranges. For two years I had heard the boys talk of him. They spoke of his long, golden mane and tail, of his fine head and long neck, and especially of his wonderful endurance and speed. Consequently, as I kicked off my boots and lay down by the fire, my last thoughts were of Palmetto and tomorrow's run.

About noon, Don and I saddled our horses and set out for Cedar Ridge, which crosses the desert seven miles west of Pipe Springs. I was proud as a peacock, and sat easily in my saddle, thinking the chink, chink, chink of my spurs, as they kept time with the sensible horse's even pace, the sweetest music on earth. I wondered why I had been chosen to run the last lap with Don. I knew, even though he were quiet and cynical, that his heart was set on Palmetto; and that today he meant to capture him. When we reached the ridge it was one o'clock. We dismounted and sat on a rock under a cedar. Don sat silent and thoughtful, as usual, turning his hat round and round in his hands.

I looked from my tall, bay Jimmy, to his brown, Mexican Pedro, with a browner line down his back, always a sign of toughness and endurance. Shortly Don looked up at my horse. "That's a horse to be proud of," he said, "but he wouldn't do for me. I need a horse that'll carry a large man for weeks, and hunt his fodder at night, with his hobbles on, like old Peed;" and he arose and placed his hand on his horse's neck. Looking at Jimmy, he said, "That's the horse the boss give you when you won the Johnson stakes a couple of seasons ago, ain't he?" I nodded. "You was only twelve then. You're taller now, but little heavier."

"Don't you wish you were my weight for today?" I asked. He pointed toward Pipe.

"After that yaller's been run across that stretch—well, we'll see," he continued.

Suddenly, we riveted our eyes on the mouth of a canyon

which opened into a plain, about ten miles to the southwest. Far up, we saw a cloud of dust moving toward us, and we knew that a band of horses trotted beneath it. Nearer, nearer it came. Finally, as the horses came in view, Don observed, "That's them. I see the white legs of the little mare. I never saw the yaller when she wasn't by his side."

Soon I was able to distinguish the noble stallion himself, like a prince, leading his band across the dusty desert. When they came to the base of the ridge, a quarter of a mile below us, their kingly leader stopped. Instantly his followers threw their heads into the air and stood stark still.

I had never imagined that Palmetto was so beautiful. His tail touched the ground. His long mane quivered against his knees. He threw his proud head above all the rest and snorted loud. But we were well concealed. Then he whinnied. But our horses knew better than to answer; besides, our fingers clutched tight their nostrils. Again he began his march, testing every step, but when he gained the other side of the ridge, he "lined out" on a long, steady trot. The pretty little white-footed, bay mare, with her little ears set back on her black mane, and her slim neck thrust forward, stole along beneath him. On the other side trotted a sturdy black. Then came the three mares, and so on down, each horse having its rank. Our eyes followed the dust as it moved on towards the springs.

Don was sure that we were scented, and that Palmetto would lead them south when he returned, so we mounted our horses and rode on half a mile below the trail. We dismounted. I was all impatient. I strained my eyes on the dust that was now nearing the springs, and wondered if Cly and Harvy were on their horses, ready to begin the chase. But Don calmly sat down on a rock and began to talk, more to himself than to me: "He came with his mother four years ago. He was only a yearling then, but a pretty smart colt. Then for two years I never saw him. When he came back he had the little bay mare and black horse with him. Next he had twenty in his bunch; now there are thirty; an' he got old Kitchen's three thur'bred."

A smile stole over Don's tanned features as he looked up and said, with more enthusiasm than usual, "That yaller is one of the

old stock, and he'll sire a bunch of real saddle horses, saddle horses worthy of carryin' a real buckayro." Looking up he said, "They are coming now."

For a moment my attention had been drawn from the horses; Now I eagerly followed his eyes. Sure enough! there was the tell-tale dust flying fast, and behind it a lesser dust, showing that Harvey and Cly were riding behind them!

Nearer and nearer they came! Yes, there is old "Pall," his long neck thrust out from the cloud of dust! The boys are holding their own, right behind them, riding like the wind. The stallion easily sustains his position. His sharp ears set back on his mane tell him where every horse behind runs, and his eyes and nostrils choose the forward path. On reaching the ridge, as Don anticipated, they circled south. Already some had dropped their tails and were laboring hard, under great excitement, to carry the load of water they had drunk. But the three leaders were gaunt, and galloped, firm and steady. They must have been cautious.

We mounted our horses. Jimmy strained eyes and ears on the band, as it rushed past us, and quivered with excitement, but Pedro stood calm, hardly paying them a passing glance. At the base of the ridge the boys stopped their sweating horses, and Cly called, "Luck."

I waved my hand and followed Don at breakneck speed. Still the stallion betrayed no excitement, but galloped steadily on. Before we had passed a mile, the three leaders only were before us. Their leader was no longer yellow, but like his companions, brown with dust and sweat. We evened our pace with his, and galloped mile after mile beneath the burning sun. It was marvelous how Pedro bore such a gigantic man as Don. His square shoulders still worked without a sign of tiring—butting, butting through the dust.

"The little mare is going," said Don, in a calm voice. Before we had gone a hundred yards, her tail sank low; she was making her last efforts. O, it was pitiful to see her labor to keep those fair, white feet going! The gallant stallion was like a lover to her, often turning his head and coaxing her on by look and example. Slower and slower she went, straining on, the stallion always keeping at her side. But her efforts were all, all in vain! She

sank lower at every leap, until her strength was exhausted. With a pitiful shudder and groan, she sank to her haunches. One last look was exchanged between them, and Palmetto galloped on beside the black.

Still, still the same pace, beneath the burning sun! Suddenly, without a sign of warning, the black gave a long leap and fell dead as a stone. "That's mettle for ye!" was all Don said. But he leaned over and patted his horse's neck. "Now, Peed, old boy, show what you are worth. Just a little faster; he's going! in a hundred yards I will reach him! Peed, Peed, you little sun-of-a-gun, get along!"

But I looked upon the foaming Palmetto, who had so gallantly shown his worthiness to be free. I thought of his seven-mile run before he should reach the ridge. I admired his finely shaped body, even more because it was covered with dust and sweat; and his large nostrils more, because they were full of blood; and him more, for his mettle and endurance. Then, too, his long, flowing mane and tail, fresh in the breeze, presented such a striking contrast to his straining body, covered with sweat and blood. I watched old Pedro, and how I longed to see him weaken! But we neared, inch by inch, until just fifty yards ahead of us, the yellow mustang strained. "O, Spirit who guards the wild animals," I thought, "save this hero!"

It seemed that my prayer would be answered, for, as I looked on Pedro, covered with foam and sweat, I saw that his gait was no longer regular, that his short legs were no longer firm, and that his leaps were uneven. His master saw it, too. "Your horse! Quick!" he cried. As I leaped to the back of his saddle, he sprang into mine.

O! how my heart sank, when I realized why I had been chosen to go along with Don, when I saw Jimmy respond to his determined spur, when I saw Don uncoil his rope, with set lips and determined eye; when I saw that old Palmetto was working in vain! On he strained, deriving his strength more from his spirit than his muscle.

How the long rope swings back and forth by Don's side. He leans forward; his spur strikes the horse's flank; and, like a flash, the long rope darts through the air! Will it reach? My eyes were

straining to follow it. I spurred Pedro, who, relieved from his load, gathered his strength and easily followed.

I guide my horse aside, for the dust is between us. O! hard, cruel sight! Palmetto has felt his first rope. Still he bounds straight forward, straining his very life. Jimmy stops, his forefeet placed firm in the ground. The stallion leaps forward, and is thrown face to face with his captor. He strains back, but the rope, the saddle, the horse, are strong. Is he going to choke down? No! no! He makes one wild leap forward, then whirls, and with his last strength bounds away.

"O, spur! spur!" I cried, "and give him slack."

But before the sentence was finished, Palmetto lay on the plain. Don leaped from his horse to hobble him, but there was no need. Palmetto was dead, just a few rods from his home in the mountains!

As I looked away to conceal a tear, I saw a crow fly from one of those jagged peaks, where it had sat, like an evil spirit, watching over the ranges; then another came from far away on the other side of the desert. Soon there were twenty circling about us.

When I turned around, Don was standing, with his arms locked behind him, looking down on the horse he had killed. Deep sorrow was plainly written on his sun-burned face, but he slowly turned and mounted his horse in silence. As we rode back, we passed the black, then we saw the little mare trotting along. She stopped and looked at us. Her glance seemed a joyful one, because we did not bring Palmetto back a captive, and she quickened her pace to join him.

It has been three years since I handled the bit and spur; but now, as I write, the two tassels of golden hair, one from his mane and one from his tail, which I wore in my bridle buttons, recall the story of Palmetto's race to death!

Toquerville, Utah.

THE HAPPY LIFE.*

BY JOSEPH MERRILL, PH. D., DIRECTOR OF THE STATE SCHOOL OF
MINES, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

Whence we came and whither we go are questions that have always aroused the deepest interest in the minds of thoughtful men. But there are two questions closely akin to these, which are, in a sense, more practical. Why are we here, and how shall we best accomplish the object of our existence? It is to one phase of these last questions that I respectfully invite your attention tonight.

We are here on earth that we might have joy, and it is our duty to realize this purpose of our existence.

These propositions I submit to the graduating classes of the University of Utah as being the essence of a practical system of philosophy worthy of acceptance and of true allegiance. This philosophy, as I understand it, is Christianity itself, or at least is in harmony with Christianity.

The thought that we exist in order that we might have joy—the fullest and most complete happiness—and, therefore, that we ought continually to seek joy, is a pleasant one, too pleasant, perhaps, to be accepted at once by the serious-minded. And yet it is to the thoughtful and serious-minded that I now address myself, in full confidence that these propositions will be entertained.

In the main, you who are about to be graduated have reached an important period in your lives, and there are now presented to you weighty questions to be answered.

In the past, the hands of loving friends have steadied you, re-

* Baccalaureate Sermon, delivered in the Assembly Hall, Sunday evening, June 3, 1906.

moved obstacles from your paths, shielded you from dangers, and in manifold ways made it possible for you to be *what* and *where* you are tonight. But now a change has come. You have reached the mental and physical stature of men and women. You are now expected to stand alone and to make your own way in the world. And, indeed, you are glad that it is so. For, coincident with the development of the physical stature, there has matured within you a consuming ambition to act the part in the world of men and women.

Most of you have already decided what your vocations shall be. But the important question is not *what* they are, but *how* shall you pursue them. It is not necessary to give the reply in words, for it will be given in deeds. From this hour, the life's conduct of each of you will be a revelation of the answer.

How then shall you proceed? Heaven grant that it may be in that way that shall bring to you the fullest possible measure of joy—of happiness supreme! It is your duty, I have said, to go forward in this way, and you may grant that it is. Still, lacking definite information as to the way, you may desire that it be pointed out, and I shall endeavor to comply with your wishes.

First of all, then, I repeat that you are *what* you are and *where* you are by reason of the help you have received from others. Your very existence is due to others. And just as during the earliest days that you breathed the breath of life you were absolutely dependent for physical nourishment and care, so, during all your days you have been dependent for mental food. The methods by which you have been trained, and the knowledge on which you have fed and become mentally equipped for your several callings, have been provided for you by the labors of others.

You are, then, in debt for the means by which you have grown both physically and mentally mature. And the happy life can come to you only as it can come to any man—by discharging the debt you owe to others.

But how much do you owe? may be asked. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars will discharge the obligations of your raising to your friends—to society? No amount of money will do it. Your debt is not a financial one. Your existence is due to

love, not money; to service, not gold alone. Which one of your childhood lives was not worth more to your mother than the combined riches of all the world? Then, the obligations you are under for manhood and womanhood cannot be discharged in the material goods of this world, even though you had the wealth of Croesus. You must pay in kind, that is, in love and in service. And it will be only as you do pay in kind that true happiness will come to you.

Now you may ask what proof I offer that genuine happiness comes only by the path of loving sacrifice. And, in reply, I present the experience of all mankind. For, if in the world of human experience one thing is more firmly established than another, it is that happiness comes from, and is proportionate to, service.

Let me cite you to two notable examples of the New Testament: Among the ancient apostles, Paul stands out pre-eminently as the scholar and enthusiastic worker. His writings and his heroic examples have in all ages, since his time, strongly appealed to men. For Paul did nothing by halves. Born and reared a Pharisee—the strictest sect among the Jews, he was at first one of the most ardent persecutors of the early Jewish Christians. But near Damascus, when on one of his persecuting expeditions, the divine light was flashed from heaven upon his soul. He heard the voice of his Master, in obedience to which the current of his life was suddenly reversed. Just as he had been devotedly true to his former light, so now he became the staunchest supporter of the cause he would have destroyed.

Looking for the motive that impelled him, we find it laid bare in his own words in the first chapter of his great Epistle to the Romans: "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise."

At this time it seems that he was principally indebted to the Greeks and Barbarians for persecutions. They had chased him from city to city, heaped on his devoted head every kind of abuse, and often placed his life in jeopardy. In what way could he be indebted to them? The context plainly shows that he felt himself under a supreme obligation to carry the gospel to them as he had come to know it. "So as much as in me is I am ready to

preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome." "For," as he declared to the Corinthians, "necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel."

Having received light and truth, he felt himself imperatively obligated to impart it unto others, even in the face of the bitterest opposition. Privations, prison bonds, and even the prospects of death, deterred him not. Forward went this heroic soul with his glad message, until compelled to bare his neck to the sword of Nero.

Paul faithfully discharged his duty as he saw it, both when persecuting, and later when preaching. At first he thought he was rendering service to God. Later, he certainly was rendering service to men. And it is pertinent for us to ask: in this service to men, was he happy? His Master, Jesus Christ, had said: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them," a statement supported by Paul's declaration that he could be happy in no other way than by giving the service he rendered.

The great principle which he recognized in his life was that every one should open his mind and heart to all the light and truth that God grants to him; and, having received the light, should discharge his supreme obligation to impart it to others, and in every way make himself and others better and happier by means of it.

But for all time, and beyond all question, is this glorious principle established on the enduring rock of eternal truth by the life and labors, sufferings and death, of our Lord Jesus Christ. "God so loved the world, that he gave his Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Thus sent into the world to redeem it, and to establish those rules of personal conduct that should make men worthy to return to the presence of their Divine Father, we see our Lord without faltering, without deviating a hair's breadth, absolutely true to his commission. And when tempted in the wilderness, on the threshold of his mission, as no other person was ever tempted, being offered the kingdoms of this world with all their glories if he would swerve, we see him rise as a God in righteous indignation, and command the tempter to get behind, and then proceed, as a meek and lowly man, with nowhere to lay

his head, to teach men to live a better life. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect," (Matt. 5: 48) was the beautiful thought he tried to burn into the souls of men. "Keep my commandments," was the injunction that he gave to his disciples on one occasion. What for? That he might be glorified, and thereby have some personal ambition gratified? Jesus was the perfect man. His life is the perfect example of beautiful, loving service, and of the happiness born of such service. "Keep my commandments," why? "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." (John 15; 11.) In these simple words, our Lord expresses the plain but all-important truth that true happiness springs from the love and service of God and man.

In further support of this truth, I now appeal to your own experience. When have you felt most that life is worth the living? When has it tasted sweetest? When have you been in the fullest possession of a peaceful, refined, joy-giving spirit that filled your soul with love, and your mind with noble thoughts and high aspirations? In short, when have you been most truly happy? I shall speak for you, confident that your answers would all agree that your greatest happiness has sprung from duty best performed, from service of the greatest good.

Your own experiences, then, support the call I make of you to follow the paths of duty unswervingly, unhaltingly, in order that your lives might be full of that sweet joy that transforms this wicked world into a heaven of delight, typical of the heaven beyond the grave. You shall then be in possession of a spirit that will radiate sunshine wherever you go, and give joy and hope to all with whom you come in contact.

I have spoken of duty and of service, but I have had no specific act in mind, the performance of which will discharge your obligations and win for you the happy life. Nor do I mean to say that this life is found in this or that vocation, to the exclusion of the other. This life is inherent in no vocation, but it may be found in any that you would follow. It depends not so much on what our business is, as it does on the manner in which we pursue our business. In every calling we may be honest, true, unselfish, diligent, persevering, and do unto others as we would have others do unto

us. Opportunities for doing good, of serving others, will always be on hand. The fruits of right living may be scattered in every place. The ideal of the farmer, of the teacher, the engineer, or the doctor, may be to do all the good within his power. Let any man in any calling diligently pursue this ideal, and the desirable life of which we have spoken will be his.

But in this connection there is one principle that should not be forgotten. It is stated by our Lord, according to St. Luke, (12:48) in these words: "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." You are now about to become college graduates. You have enjoyed privileges and advantages that are denied to most of your fellow men. You are in the class of the favored few. Special opportunities for training and development have you had, and, in consequence, your powers and talents and intellectual attainments are above the ordinary. Much has been given you: of you will more than the ordinary be required, to reap the blessing. The poor widow's mite was accounted more than the princely gifts of all the rich men combined. And so the trifling work of the young man of ability and scanty education, treading the lowly walks of life, may yield him more of the blessed fruits of happiness than are reaped from the mighty labors of the man of power. Our God is just. Let us make sure that our service is commensurate with our powers.

But this is not all. While we must serve according to the light and ability we possess, we should make sure that our capacity for serving is ever growing. We all know the parable of the talents. How the master divided his goods among his servants according to their several abilities, giving to one five, another two, and another one talent, and then journeyed to a far country. After a long time he returned and called his servants to an accounting. The servants who had received five and two talents, respectively, put them to use, and pleased their lord by returning to him double the number of talents he had intrusted to them. In consequence these servants, who had been faithful over a few things, were made rulers over many. But the servant who received but one talent buried it, and was able to return only this talent. His lord was angered, and cast him out for being slothful and worthless.

How applicable this parable to many lives such as yours! You are now in the possession of your talents. You are trained, in part developed. You have learned yourselves and know, in some measure, your possibilities and limitations. You have worked side by side, and have measured your strength with one another. You know better than any man what you can do, wherein you are strong, wherein you are weak. But do you fully know yourselves? Perhaps not; most likely not. Under the pressure and force of circumstances you have all surprised yourselves, no doubt, at what you have been able to do. If you will, you may continue to surprise yourselves by the labors you can accomplish.

For, you are at best only in part developed. Greater things than any yet dreamed of, you may do if you will. Have you the will to do them? Or, like the slothful servant, shall you be content to rest upon honors already achieved, to move on the plane at present attained? If your ambitions are now satisfied, and you shall be content to render only the service for which you are now qualified, I fear the happy life will be yours only in a small degree. It will come to you richly only for faithful and loving service commensurate with your expanding powers. You are like young trees that have reached the period of fruition, but not of mature development. And as the tree, properly cultivated, will grow for a long period after it has begun to bear fruit, so you may continue to grow, if the conditions of growth are complied with. It is your duty to supply these conditions. It was the diligent servants who pleased their Lord and earned the reward of merit.

Now what are the conditions for future growth? It is almost needless to mention them. For you know that they are the same conditions that have governed growth in the past. And past growth has been conditioned chiefly on self-effort, self-activity, coupled with moral rectitude. But in the past, growth has been easy. You have had only to follow the path marked out for you to accomplish the tasks daily assigned, and to avoid the dangers to which your attention was continually directed. Expressed as a metaphor, you have had to row, to be sure, but rowing under such conditions has not been difficult.

In the future, however, all this will be changed. Now, I do not wish to discourage you, but to nerve you for the greater strug-

gles yet to come. Tomorrow, if you go ahead, rowing will be more difficult than it is today. You have been rowing near the shore; tomorrow you weigh anchor and row out into the sea of life where the currents are stronger and the storms are fiercer. In the future, more than in the past, the quality of your rowing will show the stuff of which you are made. Are you going to row, or shall you drift? And if you row, shall it be with the current, across it, or against it?

Tonight you start out about even in the race. How will it be ten, twenty years from now? Will it be the old, old stories repeated of success, of indifference, and of failure? Look at the college graduates of one and two decades ago. From them learn the lesson. Then they stood together as you stand tonight. But during the brief interval that has elapsed, they have become irrevocably separated by deeds of achievement. Some have advanced rapidly, some slowly, some not at all, and some, alas! have gone backward. This separation may be due, in part, to a difference in native ability, in part, to circumstances, but it is mainly due to acts of the will.

In those who have steadily advanced, you may discover that they have exhibited at least four qualities of success. First, untiring industry has characterized their lives since commencement day. They have worked unceasingly, not because, perchance, there were daily assigned tasks, such as they had in college, but because they recognized the great law that there is no excellence without labor. Their tasks were self-imposed. And, to them, there was no substitute for industry along the road to success. They knew, as we know, that a laggard is despised both by God and man. No laggard is truly happy.

In the second place, they have exhibited the capacity for growth. It is sad, but true, that some students seem to have exhausted their capacity in completing their college courses. They may have been brilliant students, and at commencement time given promise of great careers. But their brilliancy proved to be of the meteoric kind, flashing for the moment above the scholastic horizon, and then disappearing from view. They early reached their zenith and lacked the capacity for further development. On the other hand, the plodder is often like the plant of slow growth,

and he astonishes us in later years by the extent of his powers. But in all cases growth is dependent in part, at least, on the will, and every one may continue to grow if he wills it, and then sticks to his determination. Every successful man does grow.

The third quality of success is perseverance. Sometimes brilliant students fail in life because they are impatient of results. They are like the child that plants a seed one day, and digs it up the next to see why it has not sprouted. It is true that a graduate sometimes discovers that he is not naturally adapted to the career on which he has started, and that some other course gives greater promise of success. We should always be willing to rectify mistakes, and to turn, no matter how late in life, into that path along which we are best qualified to tread. But if success is our goal, we should remember that we must approach it with a firm and steadfast purpose, and must not be swerved by every passing breeze and changing scene. We must be willing to face the storms and carve our way over obstacles or through them, though they be mountain high.

Another quality that our truly successful men exhibit is that of purity and strength of character. I mention it fourth, but it is the most important of the group. I do not say that every man of influence and power possesses this quality, but it is exhibited by every one who is loved, respected and honored by his fellows, and whose influence is beneficent in moulding the thought of his time. Without this quality we cannot inspire confidence, nor can our labors for good be effective. The moral weakling, even though he have a giant intellect, can never be trusted. But if it is known that a man's word is as good as his bond, that his motives are as pure as the driven snow, and that his fidelity is as firm as the rock of ages, that man, if he possess the other qualities of success, can never be a failure, nor can there be set a boundary to his influence.

These are some of the qualities, my young friends, exhibited by the most successful men. They are also the qualities characteristic of the most happy men. Industry, perseverance, fidelity—all of these are elements of that kind of service which intelligent men and women must give, if their lives are in harmony with the

Divine Will and, therefore, full of the sweetest experiences vouchsafed to men.

And now, to what I have said I must add one thing more. I have spoken of your duty to men, and the necessity of discharging your obligations to them, as a condition for winning happiness. But what of your duty to God? You know the first great commandment is to love him with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might and mind. And this is inseparably joined with the second commandment, to love thy neighbor as thyself, the application of which we have been considering. But it is impossible to love our fellow-men so much that our service, and therefore our happiness, can be full and complete, unless we observe the first commandment also. No atheist ever drank to the full of the sweetest joys of this life. For no atheist can reap the deepest satisfaction in his service of men, because he does not have the richest abundance of the divine love and Spirit to mellow his soul and sweeten his labors. And though we serve God by doing good to men, yet our duty to him cannot be fully discharged unless we yield to him our hearts as well as our hands.

Young men and women, cherish an ambition to do all the good within your power. In whatever walk of life you tread, let this be your ideal. Pursue it with all the vigor of your young lives, and upon the brow of each of you there shall be indelibly written the word success, in its best and truest form, as measured by the love and esteem of your fellows, and the joy and satisfaction that springs from the consciousness of duty done. Seek true happiness, your highest duty. But remember that in order wholly to find it, you must lose yourselves completely in the service of both God and man.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POPULARITY.

It is to be regretted that there is a class of Latter-day Saints, who try, at the risk of principle, to popularize "Mormonism." They desire to make our religion conform to the doctrines and wishes of other people. They appear to be more concerned about being in harmony with men of the world, than with living according to the principles of the gospel. If any particular action of the Church comes in contact with the ideas of men who walk in their own way, such action, in the minds of these so-called Saints, should immediately give place to the changeable notions of public clamor. "Be like others; let us not be peculiar," is their cry—even if that peculiarity manifests itself in the old-fashioned notion of demanding our legal rights, and fair play among our fellows. But if for just cause we cannot be like others, they criticise the authorities who do not or cannot accept their liberal notions.

Such brethren should remember that the theories of the worldly-wise cannot with safety be engrafted into the principles of the gospel. We have received a distinct dispensation of the gospel given us by the Lord, and it has been maintained to this day by the revelations of God to his constituted servants. Since we know that it will continue, we cannot consent to be guided by inspiration from the outside, but are in duty bound to follow in the way revealed by God. To be directed by the postulates of the world, and by leaders of men, will be just as fatal to the Latter-day Saints, as it was for the Former-day Saints.

How was it with them? For nearly three hundred years after

Christ, the principles of the gospel remained in tolerable, though not complete, purity among the children of men; but when the great Roman ruler, Constantine, caused Christianity to become the chief religion, and the Saints consented to popularize their belief by letting a Pagan political ruler direct them, instead of being guided by the revelations of God, they fell into rank apostasy, and gradually turned away from the simple but pure and saving doctrines of Christ. Under the strain of persecution, many followers of, and many more or less fervent believers in, the religion of the Savior, gradually fell into fellowship with Pagan ideas. While this seemed to lighten the persecution, and the great pressure of world-hatred which was directed against them, their course resulted in engrafting into the Christian cause the fruits of Paganism, and sowing, in the minds of men, the seeds of apostasy from the true Church of Christ. For a season the truly staunch and faithful continued to suffer persecution, rather than share popularity with the errors of Paganism. They were ridiculed and scoffed at by their enemies, until either death relieved them, or they were driven to join the popular throng for self-protection.

To the Latter-day Saints, the true, pure, simple gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored. We are responsible for maintaining it upon the earth. It must not be mixed with policies that are foreign to the purposes of God. It will not do for us to forget the lessons learned from the experience of the Former-day Saints. It will not do for us to save our feelings, if by so doing we corrupt the precious principles of the gospel, by compromises with the world.

It grieves my heart to know that there are some of the young men who would do this, who, while they would gladly cling to the gospel, are yet trying to swim in the popular pool. They cannot endure persecution, nor can they comprehend why the Saints should submit to it, when it would be as easy to make friends with the enemy. Some again pose as Saints when with the Saints, but when with the world are cordial, compromising, sociable and friendly; and even admit that all the changes demanded by the opponents of "Mormonism" will in time be made; and that what they object to and are fighting, are mistakes that will be remedied in time. They are led by Cæsar and not by the

will of the Lord. They judge the authorities of the Church by the emotions of the world, and not by the inspirations of the Almighty. From this point of view, they see occurrences as they are seen by men who are devoted to temporal and not to eternal things, and hence cannot, or will not, comprehend how matters appear differently to those whose mental surveys are taken from the heights of gospel truth. Having only their own peace, and the good will of men, in mind, they fail to appreciate the toil and anxiety of the servants of God who are laboring for the greater peace, which emanates from an honest desire to witness the prosperity and advancement of God's holy cause upon the earth.

My words do not imply that we should not respect the opinions of others, but they do mean that we need not therefore depart from what we know to be true and right, to adopt false and wrong ideas, in order to become popular. That is not what the Lord expects of us. To be a Latter-day Saint requires the sacrifice of worldly aims and pleasures; it requires fidelity, strength of character, love of truth, integrity to principle, and zealous desire to see the triumphant, forward march of truth. This means that often our position must be unpopular. It means unending battle against sin and worldliness. It is not an easy road to travel; and the opposing power will always manifest itself in the way of the young man who walks therein; but only so may we establish the truth, build character, and keep pure the principles of the gospel that have been entrusted to us.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder James W. R. Hurst, writing from Manchester, England, says: "The *ERA* is indeed a valuable publication, and is a big help in spreading the truth. It is carefully read, and with great interest, by Saints, elders, and investigators of the Gospel. We feel grateful for the privilege we have of receiving it."

A baptismal service of the West Hartlepool branch was held on Saturday, May 26, we learn from the *Star*, on the shore of the North Sea. Ten persons were baptized, Elders Walter Cox, William O. Smith, and Joseph A. F. Everett officiating. The confirmations were attended to on May 27, in the Villier Hall.

Elder Ralph A. Badger writes from South Africa that on April 1, three baptisms were performed by Elder Geo. A. Simkins, at Woodstock; and Elder S. Burton Newman informs the *Millennial Star* that on May 6, three were baptized at Aintab, Syria, and a number were added to the Church at Aleppo, some time ago. The elders are well and the Lord is blessing them greatly. Elders Simkins and Warren H. Lyon are now, May 23, released, writes Elder Badger, president of the South African mission.

Elders Hugh Melvin Welker and Abraham John Gold, missionary companions, laboring in Groningen, Holland, died from smallpox. Elder Welker, who was the first to contract the disease, died April 29, last, and he was followed by Elder Gold on the 14th of May. Elder Welker was the son of J. A. and Eva M. Welker, of Bennington, Bear Lake county, Idaho, and was born Feb. 5, 1885. He was set apart April 15, 1905, for his field of labor. Elder Gold was the son of Cyrus and Mary W. Gold, and was born in Salt Lake City, Oct. 16, 1882, and was set apart for his mission September 6, 1904, leaving for his field of labor on the tenth. No further particulars have been received.

Elder Brigham F. Duffin, Jr., writes from St. Joseph, Mo., June 9: "We have a Mutual Improvement Association organized here, which is in good condition, a spirited interest being taken by the members. We are studying the Junior manual, 1905-6. There is also a Sunday-school organized here, which is a complete success, and doing a good work. The elders are working energetically for the success of these auxiliary organizations, presenting the truths of the Gospel to the people, and are trying to remove the walls of prejudice which surround us. We read the ERA with enthusiasm, and then distribute the numbers among our friends and investigators to read.

Elder Arthur McKinnon writing to the ERA from Council Bluffs, Iowa, May 21, says: President T. O. Stokes of the Iowa conference with Elders T. F. Jones, J. B. Woolsey, Jr., and Lorenzo Harris, have returned from Mt. Pisgah, where they have spent some time improving the appearance of our cemetery at that place, where many of our noble pioneers were buried during the perilous times of 1846-48. In the year 1888, the Church erected a monument to their memory. About one acre is under fence, and what before looked more like a thicket than a cemetery, is now smooth, and with occasional care may be made a beautiful spot.

Elder Lehi Larsen, Jr., writes the ERA from Mahia, New Zealand, April 20: Our semi-annual conference last month was well attended by natives and elders from all parts of the Mahia district, and we had a spiritual feast and grand time. During the conference there was a double wedding. President Lewis G. Hoagland united the native couples. The ceremony was followed by an excellent dinner prepared by our native Saints. Our Southern annual conference was held in Tet Haupe, Hawkes Bay, on April 6, 7, and 8. There were present 41 elders and one lady missionary from Zion, and 500 or 600 natives, some of whom were not members of the Church. The Spirit of the Lord accompanied all our services, and before parting the elders met in testimony meeting where the power of God was made manifest to all present.

OUR WORK.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

Minutes of the first meeting of the Annual M. I. A. Conference held in the Barratt Hall, Friday, June 8, 1906, 10 a. m, Elder B. H. Roberts presiding.

The congregation, led by Prof. Evan Stephens, sang, "Hope of Israel."

Prayer was offered by Pres. Frank Y. Taylor.

Singing, "Improvement Song," composed by Sister Ruth M. Fox.

Elder George A. Smith welcomed the visiting officers and representatives, and hoped that all had come with the common thought, "The Work of the Father." In looking into the faces of those assembled, he saw the indications of good workers, and expressed the thought that the same "common thought" is throughout all the organizations. He asked them to feel as brothers and sisters, and to feel as if they were among friends, as indeed they are. The fact that they were all engaged in the work of the M. I. A. was sufficient introduction, and all should feel at home.

A preliminary program was then given, designed as a sample to the associations:

Sister Judith Anderson rendered the Contralto solo, "*From the Depths.*"

Current Events were given by Elder Thomas Hull.

Sister Amy Brown Lyman told "The Story of Ruth."

Elder B. H. Roberts explained that the program just completed was intended to show what was expected in a preliminary program.

The congregation sang, "We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet."

Prayer was offered by Sister Julia Brixen, following which the young ladies and young men separated for department work.

In the young men's section the following program was carried out:

Pres. Frank Y. Taylor spoke on "Amusements for the M. I. A." He stated that amusements were necessary and as natural for the young as it is for a bird to sing. And although necessary, to be beneficial, they should be regulated by some organization. He spoke of the advantage of having an amusement committee such as is organized in some of the stakes. It should not be the ambition of the organization to raise money only, but to provide high class amusement and recreation for the young. Proper restraint should be observed in dancing. Public dance halls are a menace to the community, while ward functions, conducted by the proper authority, is a source of innocent amusement and benefit. We should encourage home drama, music, and all ennobling arts. Excursions are good in getting the young people interested. Saloons and public loafing corners are doing much to destroy the spirit obtained in Mutual Improvement Associations.

On "Summer Work," Elder Benj. Goddard recommended monthly conjoint meetings. He thought it good for wards and settlements to exchange programs,

where practicable, as it acquaints the young people with each other and causes a spirit of union. M. I. A. workers should discourage idleness, and devise something good for the young people to do, such as visiting widows, missionary wives, and helping them in their work.

PRESIDENT LYMAN ON MISSIONARY WORK.

President Francis M. Lyman said that he would not be present during the remaining meetings of conference, and he desired saying a few words on summer work, fall work, winter work, and spring work. He referred to the last M. I. A. conference, in which it was concluded to require individual missionary work of the members of the association, instead of calling general missionaries. He had inquired at conjoint gatherings in a number of stakes as to what had been done in the missionary line last winter; but had not heard a report so far, from any stake, that seemed to him to cover the ground, or that met his ideas in regard to missionary work. In some of the stakes they have gone into the field and have endeavored to enroll members, and have invited them to attend to meetings. This is a very good idea, but his idea has been, was, and is now, more than ever, that every man, who has a spark of life within him, and ambition, should enter the field as a missionary, as if he were going out into the world, or on a foreign mission. "Be a life-working missionary, a converting missionary, not only an inviting missionary, not only an enrolling missionary, but a missionary for conversion. What converts have been made? What reformation has been made? What young men have been reformed from intemperance, from use of tobacco, from profanity, infidelity, and brought into the fold? It would be nice to know something about that. I heard a young man from Uintah stake, a plain, hard-working young man, who had gone into the field and adopted the rule of preaching and teaching and had actually converted seven persons during the last year.

"In regard to reading rooms, I like reading rooms, like them splendidly, but wish to add a little more—more reading rooms. I wish to suggest that these enrolled Mutual Improvement workers go into every home where there is a young man, and look after the young man, who is the material with which they are to work, and find out if in every house they have a reading room, and are supplied with the ERA and with our Church literature. I would like to find that the *Deseret News* is in every house, and to know that the ERA is in every house and home. Let the young men make it their business to see that it is there; read it yourselves, and then let some one else read it. The ERA instead of being thrown in the waste basket, the *Deseret News* burned, and the *Young Woman's Journal* laid away to be bound, they should be on the reading table in every home. Make a little start for literature by obtaining a Bible, a Book of Mormon, a Doctrine and Covenants, a Pearl of Great Price, and some other books. We should look into the homes of people who are not wealthy, and who are not able to subscribe for daily papers, and scarcely able to subscribe for the semi-weekly, and who cannot take magazines, and who do not have them. I have discovered that there are very many homes where there is no literature. I ask that this missionary work be done. I wish you to take it home, and tell the brethren when they come to visit you, and take part in your conjoint gatherings, that you have invited people

to come to conference and to meetings, and tried to have them enrolled, etc., and also that you have preached the gospel to every young man in this way. I do not expect to have you convert them all, but convert seven each. Report that you have made seven converts, or tried seven times and failed. Let us know you have done something, because I am suspicious that there has been very little done in the missionary line in twelve months. Do not wait for special times to come, but keep working all the time. I want to say, without boasting, that whenever I meet a brother, I try to find out something about him, and sometimes men acknowledge to me that I have done them good, and I am working in that line all the time. I do not ask you to do what I am not trying to do myself. Let every official who comes here, next year, to conference, announce that he has been doing work in this direction, and has labored with one or two. God bless you, and may you come here with your experience, with suggestions and views, to help us who do not know how to do as well as you know how to do.

Elder Roberts stated that the General Board was in perfect harmony with Pres. Lyman on missionary work, and that it should be a constant labor to be engaged in, summer and winter.

Elder Rulon S. Wells moved that each officer of the M. I. A. personally take up this labor, and try to make tangible headway therein, and to report his conversions at the next conference. Carried.

General Secretary, Edward H. Anderson read the statistical and financial reports for the year ending April 30, 1906. The statistical report shows that there are 658 associations, an increase of 9 over 1905; 29,413 enrolled members, a decrease of 403. There are 940 members on missions, an increase of 94. The total average attendance was 12,418, a decrease of 90; 22,279 meetings had been held, including 647 public lectures, showing an increase in meetings of 202. There are 10,174 people between the ages of 14 and 45 who are not enrolled in the associations, an increase of 230 over last year. The officers meetings held, showed a decrease of 371. A large increase was shown in conjoint officers' meetings, monthly conjoint meetings, and extra and special meetings. The North Davis, Fremont, Granite, Kanab, and Pioneer stakes, failed to send in their reports for 1905-6, and the membership and association totals are, therefore, taken from the last year reports. Through an error the General Secretary announced that Tooele had not reported, but the report of that stake was included in the general report. North Davis and Kanab have since reported. The following seven Foreign Missions reported: Netherlands, Northern States, Sweden, Turkish Mission, North Western States, Samoa and Hawaii. In these seven Foreign Missions, there are 47 associations, with a membership of 1721, all of which is included in the totals given above.

The general officers of the M. I. A. of the young men were presented and accepted as follows:

Officers: Joseph F. Smith, General Superintendent; Heber J. Grant, B. H. Roberts, Assistants; Evan Stephens, Music Director; Horace S. Ensign, Assistant Music Director.

Aids: Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith, J. Golden Kimball, Junius F. Wells, Rodney C. Badger, George H. Brimhall, Edward H. Anderson,

Douglas M. Todd, Thomas Hull, Nephi L. Morris, Willard Done, Le Roi C. Snow, Frank Y. Taylor, Rudger Clawson, Rulon S. Wells, Jos. W. McMurrin, Reed Smoot, Bryant S. Hinckley, Moses W. Taylor, B. F. Grant, Henry S. Tanner, Hyrum M. Smith, Joseph F. Smith, Jr., O. C. Beebe, Lewis T. Cannon, Philip S. Maycock, Benj. Goddard, Geo. Albert Smith, Thomas A. Clawson, Louis A. Kelsch, Lyman R. Martineau, Joseph H. Hart, John A. Widtsoe, Edward H. Anderson, General Secretary.

Roll was called, showing representatives from fifty-five stakes.

Elder D. H. Morris, of St. George stake, requested that arrangements be made for next conference, to have tickets on sale earlier, so that those living far from the city shall be able to get here for the morning meeting on Friday, which was voiced by several of the representatives.

After singing, "Redeemer of Israel" Elder Jos. E. Hickman, of Utah stake, pronounced the benediction.

The afternoon and evening was spent in field day exercises at Calder's Park. The principal features were, a game of base ball between Box Elder and Weber stakes picked nines, resulting in a score of 4 to 4 in 12 innings; basket ball, races, and an informal reception in the pavilion, and dancing. The boating and other amusements of the park were free to the visitors, and the General Boards provided also for free admission, over 3000 tickets being distributed by them to M. I. A. officers and workers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.)

THE ANNUAL M. I. A. CONVENTIONS.

Superintendents of stakes are requested to note the following appointments for the fall conventions of the M. I. A. In case changes are desired, the superintendents should consult with the officers of the Young Ladies' Associations of the stake and the stake Presidency, and decide upon a new date, and then notify the General Boards. It is hoped, however, that only a few changes will be necessary, if any:

- Taylor—Monday, August 20.
- Alberta—Monday, August 27.
- Panguitch—Monday, September 3.
- Alpine, Beaver, Emery, Juab, Malad, San Juan, San Luis, Hyrum, Sevier—Sunday, September 9.
- Kanab, Big Horn—Monday, September 10.
- Box Elder, Cassia, Granite, Pocatello, Teton, Ensign, Jordan, Nebo, Weber, South Davis, North Davis, St. George—Sunday, September 16.
- Bannock, Salt Lake, Pioneer, Liberty, Star Valley, South Sanpete, Wasatch, Utah, Cache, Woodruff, Oneida—Sunday, September 23.
- Parowan—Monday, September 24.
- Morgan, Fremont, Bear Lake, North Sanpete, Summit, Wayne, Millard—Sunday, September 30.
- Union, Uintah, Blackfoot, Tooele, Benson, Bingham—Sunday, October 14.
- Arizona and Mexico—unprovided for.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Case of Senator Smoot.—On the 13th of June, the steering committee of the Senate practically decided that the Smoot case is to go over until the next session of Congress, which means that it will be considered perhaps next January. On the 10th of June, the committee on Privileges and Elections filed two reports in the Senate, in his case which has been under consideration by the committee for over three years. The majority report, signed by five Democrats and two Republicans, declares that Senator Smoot is not entitled to his seat. This is signed by Senators Burroughs, Dubois, Doliver, Pettus, Bailey, Overman and Frazier. The minority report declares that he is entitled to his seat in the Senate, and the five Republicans who signed it are: Senators Foraker, Knox, Beveridge, Dillingham and Hopkins. The whole matter is now placed before the Senate of the United States, which will make a study of the question and dispose of it. It is clearly evident that the opposition to Senator Smoot has completely failed, and that there is no possibility of obtaining a sufficient number of Senators to deprive Senator Smoot of his seat. Undoubtedly the Senate itself will be as much at sea as the committee has been. While the constituents of most of the senators, and especially the women who have appeared to act by impulse and ignorance of the facts rather than by reason or a sense of justice, detest the "Mormon" Church, it is clear that in a matter concerning a State's constitutional right to representation in the Senate, the members of that body are in duty bound to decide in accordance with the evidence and the law. As to the evidence and the law, it must be clear to every person who has followed this case, that there is nothing that has been offered which would justify the Senate in voting to deprive Utah of her proper representation in the United States Senate. I think that the kernel in this case has been laid bare by *Harper's Weekly*, which says:

It is unquestionably true that no violation of the law against polygamy has been brought home to Smoot himself, and that if he is to be expelled or excluded it must be solely upon the ground that, although himself a monogamist, he is a dignitary of the "Mormon" Church. * * * * * That is to say, Smoot is to be deprived of the seat in the Senate to which the Utah Legislature, in pursuance of its constitutional rights, elected him, on the exclusive ground of his belief in a religion which is hateful and pernicious in the eyes of a vast majority of the citizens of the United States. It is obvious that on precisely the same ground the Russian Douma would be justified in expelling or excluding Jewish

members, for there is no doubt that the Jewish religion is hateful and pernicious in the judgment of a vast majority of Russia's population. Is it safe to establish a precedent in pursuance of which a United States Senator may be expelled or excluded from his seat on any ground whatever except his personal violation of law?

Jesse Nathaniel Smith.—On the 5th of June, Jesse Nathaniel Smith, president of the Snowflake stake of Zion, Arizona, died at his home in Snowflake. He was born in Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., December 2, 1834, and was the son of Silas Smith and Mary Aikens. Silas Smith was a brother of Joseph Smith, Sr., the father of the Prophet Joseph and of Patriarch Hyrum Smith. His parents early embraced the Gospel which the Lord established through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph, and the boy Jesse grew up amid the stirring scenes of Kirtland, Missouri, and Illinois, and finally arrived with his widowed mother in Salt Lake valley on the 25th of September, 1847. From that time he has labored indefatigably for the building up of the West, and for the establishment and progress of the Latter-day Saints. In 1851 he went to Parowan to reside, where on the year following he married Emma S. West. He took part in civic as well as religious affairs, and held many offices of trust and honor in his county; he was also a representative in the 19th Arizona territorial legislature. In the early settlement of the South, he was a leader in battles against the Indians, and was also prominent in every movement that engaged the attention of the community in which he resided. Throughout Utah and the West many will remember him as the president of the Scandinavian mission, in the decade from 1861 to 1870, during which he filled two missions to that country. Returning from Scandinavia, he engaged in various pursuits, until called to preside over the Eastern Arizona stake, in the late seventies. In Arizona and Mexico he became the pathfinder of 'Mormon' colonies, and with others made it possible for the Latter-day Saints to settle in those regions. He has been a pillar of strength to the Latter-day Saints and to the Church all his days. He was physically strong and of unquestioned integrity and character. His presence inspired faith and power in the hearts of others; and, in the days of trouble, danger, and trial, his very presence inspired men with confidence and hope. His individuality gave strength to the weak, and his noble nature succor to the distressed. With him passes to a better world one of the striking personalities who have helped to establish the character of the Latter-day Saints.

Reduced Passenger Rates.—The Oregon Short Line announces that after the first of July passenger rates will be reduced to 3 cents per mile on that whole system.

Meat Inspection.—No other subject has attracted the attention of the American public, during the past month, with so much interest, as the revelations exposing the methods of the Packing houses. President Roosevelt sent a special message to Congress urging the immediate passage of legislation providing for the thorough inspection of food products by Packing houses, and with this message was transmitted the preliminary report of the special committee appointed by him to investigate these houses, which report revealed a most revolting condition of

uncleanliness. On the 26th of May, the Senate passed a rider to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, providing for a postmortem inspection at every packing house in the United States, of all cattle, sheep, swine, and goats, slaughtered for human consumption. It applies to canned and prepared meats, as well as fresh meats, and directs the destruction of all meat foods which are dyed or artificially colored, and besides provides heavy penalties for violation, evasion, or attempt at bribery. The exposures made have already affected the sales of American meats in Europe, and have had a tendency to lower the price of cattle.

The Royal Marriage in Spain.—On the 31st of May, in Madrid, King Alfonso of Spain, and Princess Ena of Battenburg, who will hereafter be called Queen Victoria of Spain, were married in the Church of San Jeronimo, in the midst of an elaborate program of festivities in their honor. Before the ceremony was performed the bride renounced all rights to the English throne. While the procession was approaching the palace, an anarchist threw a bomb in a bouquet of flowers, just behind the wheel-horses of the carriage containing the king and his bride. By the explosion, eighteen people were killed, and more than fifty injured, including some of the royal escort; but the King and Queen were uninjured. Under such a time and condition, words are not strong enough to express the infamy of such an act. The crime was undoubtedly plotted in London, but the perpetrator was a Spaniard who afterwards took his own life. Heretofore the directors of the anarchist's clubs, of which there are no fewer than ten in London alone, have been careful to safeguard the asylum which they have enjoyed in England, by forbidding any hostile demonstration against the British Royal family, but the anarchists in England now argue that Princess Ena ceased to be an English princess when she became queen of Spain. Without doubt there is a deep hostile feeling against royalty in Spain, which is aggravated by the poverty and starvation of the masses.

Henrik Ibsen Dead.—This eminent Norwegian poet and dramatist died on the 23rd of May, aged 78. He was born in 1828, and his first play, *Catalina*, was produced in Christiania in 1850. In 1857 to 1862, he managed the theaters at Bergen and Christiania, and in 1864, he left Norway, and has chiefly resided abroad since. His dramas are partly prose and partly verse, and include historical plays and satirical comedies of modern life, and a number have been translated into English, and have had presentation even before Utah theater-goers. His last play, published in 1899, is entitled *When the Dead Awake*. His plays were symbolical and didactic, and appealed only to a few, but will have a lasting influence upon the theater. He gave a new significance to the domestic drama; and to woman, a much higher place than she has ever before held in European drama.

Conditions in Russia.—On the 26th of May the Russian premier, Goremykin, read the government's reply to the address adopted by the Douma, in reply to the speech from the throne. All the important demands made by the Douma were refused. They had asked for general amnesty, the compulsory expropriation of land, the abolition of exceptional laws; the responsibility of the ministry to parliament, and the abolition of the upper house. But in this reply, the government's

promises were limited to the extension of elementary education, the creation of local courts, the release of persons arrested under administration order by whom public safety was not threatened, and measures looking to the migration of peasants and their settlement on free land. These deviations of the premier created wild excitement and indignation in the Douma, which body passed resolutions expressing distrust in the ministry, and calling for its resignation and replacement by a ministry in which the Douma could have confidence. The consequence is that a crisis is impending between the government and the Douma, which has already resulted in increasing revolutionary activity, and disaffection and mutiny among the soldiers. The situation is very serious, and Russia is today facing a crisis which bids fair to have momentous results on her future, and which may shortly bring on a reign of anarchy and terror.

Simplon Tunnel Opened.—On the 19th of May, the King of Italy formally opened this remarkable tunnel, which extends from Brieg, on the Swiss side of the Simplon mountain, to Iselle, on the Italian side, and is twelve and a-fourth miles long—the longest in the world. It is expected that regular trains will be running through by September. Both ends of the tunnel are now being fortified. The immense cost of its building has been borne by the Italian and Swiss governments respectively. The work on the tunnel began in November, 1898, and the two boring parties met in February, 1905, after having overcome some of the greatest engineering problems that have ever been encountered in the world.

Death of Carl Schurz.—This writer and political leader died at his home in New York, on May 14. For one-half century he took an active part in the public life of this country. He was born in Germany, March 2, 1829; was educated at the University of Bonn, took part in the revolutionary movement of 1848, fled to Switzerland, and finally, in 1852, left Germany for the United States. Five years later he became a citizen of this country, and soon thereafter was defeated as a Republican candidate for lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin. In 1860, he was appointed minister to Spain; and resigned to enter the army. He served with distinction through the civil war as brigadier-general, and also as major-general. From 1869 to 1875, he was United States senator from Missouri; and under the administration of President Hayes served as Secretary of the Interior. He was editor of the *Evening Post*, from 1881 to 1884, and in *Harper's Weekly* exercised much influence as an editorial writer. He was a political channel-finder, and paid but little attention to party, hence he was called unstable, but his honor was unblemished, his patriotism unassailable, and his penetration and intelligence of a very high character. He was, however, considered erratic, and unsafe as a party leader, but this made him the safer as a man who sought to stay by that which is true and right. William Dean Howells, undoubtedly America's greatest writer, speaks of Schurz's recently written autobiography as a masterwork, and a great contribution to history and art, and says:

I have no doubt that it will remain his chief monument, and that all his other actions, achievements, qualities, will show there like the inscriptions of some perfect shaft of marble, or some speaking relief of bronze. There is no more

important or delightful form of literature than that which has chosen this great man to be one of its most admirable exponents.

Mr. Howell further says of him that he was a "fighter for freedom in two worlds, a just advocate, an honest politician, a conscientious journalist, and a wise statesman."

Oklahoma, the Forty-sixth State of the Union.—On the 16th of June, President Theodore Roosevelt performed the last official act in making the statehood bill a law, when he attached his signature to the certified copy that had come up from the capitol. This creates the forty-sixth state of the Union out of Oklahoma and Indian Territories, with the name of Oklahoma. The bill also provides that the people of Arizona and New Mexico be granted permission to decide by vote whether those two territories shall be admitted as one state of the Union. It is generally conceded that the people of Arizona will vote against the measure, and will rather forego statehood than be united with New Mexico.

The President, in signing the statehood bill, used two pens—a gold pen made in Arizona with which he wrote "Theodore;" and an eagle's quill from Oklahoma, with which he wrote "Roosevelt." The President congratulated Senator Beveridge, author of the bill, and Representative Hamilton, chairman of the house committee on territories, on the successful outcome of the long fight for statehood, and expressed the hope that the people of Arizona, at the coming election, would decide to join the Union.

Died.—In Salt Lake City, May 1, Bishop Samuel Frink Attwood, born Willington, Conn., February 27, 1825, joined the Church in 1849, and came to Utah in 1851; former bishop of Kamas.—The same day in Payson, Mary Ann Gleave Worsencroft, a Relief Society worker, born Stockport, England, October 20, 1818, embraced the gospel in 1856, and came to Utah in 1864, and settled in Payson.—Thursday, 3rd, in Salt Lake City, Louisa Maria Tanner Lyman, mother of President Francis M. Lyman, aged 87 years, born in Boulton, Warren county, N. Y., and was a pioneer resident of Utah.—Sunday, 6th, at Brigham City, Patriarch John D. Burt, a pioneer of Brigham City, born January 12, 1827, in Dumfermline, Scotland, joined the Church May 18, 1849, and was ordained bishop of the third ward, Brigham City, in 1877, and five years later was chosen second counselor in the Box Elder stake presidency.—Monday, 7th, at South Weber, Mary Peck, a pioneer of Utah, born July 17, 1842, in Cambridgeshire, England.—Thursday, 10th, at Nephi, Edwin Booth, a veteran of Nauvoo, and of the Utah Indian wars.—In Taylorsville, Salt Lake county, Saturday, 12th, Alfred Bennion, second son of John and Mary Bennion, Utah pioneers, born at Taylorsville forty-six years ago. He died from spinal meningitis.—In Provo, Saturday, 12th, Abraham Halladay, an original stockholder in the Provo Woolen mills, and a leading business man of that city, born Warwickshire, England, August 25, 1824; joined the Church in 1848, came to America in 1849, and to Utah in 1852.—Monday, 14th, in Ogden, Dr. Lyman Skeen, Jr., died from tubercular meningitis. He was born July 1, 1871.—Thursday, 22nd, in Salt Lake City, Mary Willis, widow of William W. Willis, and a pioneer of 1854.—Saturday, 19th, at Rexburg, Joseph

Terryll, a pioneer resident of Ogden.—Wednesday, 23rd, at Pleasant Grove, William M. Rampton, one of the oldest residents of that place, and a native of Pennsylvania, also a pioneer of 1847.—Thursday, 24th, in Salt Lake City, William R. Jones, a pioneer and veteran of the Mexican and Utah Indian wars, born at Stockport, England, 85 years ago.—Monday, 22nd, in Salt Lake City, Sara D. S. Woodruff, widow of President Wilford Woodruff, born July 28, 1837, in Bloomfield, Conn., and came to Utah in 1852.

History of Taylor Stake, Canada.—The ERA has received an authorized Church history of the Taylor Stake of Zion, compiled and published by Elder George H. Budd, stake recorder, and assisted by President Theodore Brandley, Elder Z. W. Jacobs, and clerks of wards and other organizations. The annals dealing with the founding of the various settlements are very interesting, and give a detailed account, not only of the establishment of the settlements, but of the names of the pioneers who opened up the way for the Church in that growing commonwealth. It is certainly a commendable work, and one upon which the future historian may depend for historical facts. The publication of a little work like this is an example that might profitably be followed by other stakes of Zion. Taylor stake may well be proud of her pioneers, both men and women: and, placing upon record their achievements is a commendable enterprise.

President Morrell Dead.—On May 30, President Joseph Morrell of the Cache Stake of Zion, died at his home in Logan, Utah. He was born in London, England, February 11, 1856, and came to Utah with his parents, and was baptized July 2, 1868. He worked on the farm in his younger years, and later as clerk. He married Margaret Rowland, February 28, 1878. From 1879 to 1882 he worked in the wholesale department of the Z. C. M. I. in Logan, and later conducted a business of his own with Robert L. Campbell. From 1880 to 1883, he was an officer in the Y. M. M. I. A.; and in 1883, he filled a mission in the Southern States, laboring in Mississippi. From 1885 to 1888, he acted as bishop in the third ward in Logan, and since the division of the Cache Stake, in 1901, he filled the important position of president of that stake. He was a man of excellent character, congenial disposition, and was loved by all the people.

The Touts Sing on Ship.—From the *Millennial Star* of May 31, we learn: A pleasing and unusual feature of the sailing of the s.s. *Arabic* from the Liverpool Landing Stage last Friday, was the singing of Elder Edwin F. Tout and daughters. As the boat moved slowly away from the stage the quartet from the top deck sang a number of selections—"The Star Spangled Banner," "O My Father," etc. As the four strong, beautiful voices rang out over the water in perfect harmony, the throngs on the Landing Stage and on the boat stood and listened with rapt attention. At the close of each song there was great applause and cries of, "Another, another!" Not often have the busy Landing Stage crowds been so charmed with beautiful singing. One prominent official who listened to it was heard to remark jocularly, "I wouldn't mind being a 'Mormon' myself."



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